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POETICAL WORKS

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

GLASGOW:

Printed for ROBERT URIE. MDCCLX.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE



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P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

T O

MR. D R Y D E N.

HOW long, great Poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess'd,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers, and a clearer stile;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.

A

Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still out-shines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue ;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show ;
How thy own laurel first began to grow ;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the woods.

O mayst thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age, nor sickness interrupt thy song :
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams ;
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold :
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. Coll. Oxon,

June 2. 1693.

The Author's Age 22.

A
P O E M,
TO HIS
* M A J E S T Y.

Presented to the LORD KEEPER.

* King William. Printed in the year 1695. The author's
age, 24.

REVISED EDITION

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER of the GREAT SEAL.

*IF yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares,
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a muse unknown:
A muse that in advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
By SOMERS' counsels, and by NASSAU's sword.*

*To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song:
To you the Hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unform'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:*

*But since the state has all your cares engross'd,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.*

*On you, my lord with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgement must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love;
If you, well-pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.*

}

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 7

TO THE
K I N G.

WHEN now the business of the field is o'er,
 The trumpets sleep, and cannons cease to roar,
 When ev'ry dismal echo is decay'd,
 And all the thunder of the battel laid;
 Attend, auspicious Prince, and let the muse
 In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.
 Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
 Set thee in arms, and lead thee to the field;
 My muse expecting on the British strand
 Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
 She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
 When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry blow;
 But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;
 The trumpets, drums, and cannons drown'd her voice:
 She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
 And floating corps lye beating on the shore;
 She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
 To trace her Hero through the dusty plain,
 When through the thick embattell'd lines he broke,
 Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of
 O that some muse renown'd for lofty verse, [smoke.
 In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse!
 Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
 Inur'd to noon-day sweats, and midnight cares!

But still the god-like man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.

A thousand years in full succession ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice and sung the man,
Who, driv'n by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.

Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the tow'ring muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or slaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.

And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in WILLIAM's God-like acts engage,
And with his battels, warm a future age.

Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show
And Boyne be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battels, and with pleasure read,
How, in the bloody field too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.

The race of NASSAUS was by heaven design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
 And fight in every injur'd nation's cause,
 The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
 And as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
 Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
 Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
 Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
 And heard-unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
 But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
 Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
 Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
 And act their fathers triumphs o'er again;
 Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
 With Gallic corps, and Cressi swam in blood,
 With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
 Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.
 In vain the thronging enemy by force,
 Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
 They break through all, for WILLIAM leads the way,
 Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
 Nature's late terrors and destruction show,
 What WILLIAM, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
 Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
 Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
 An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
 And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.
 His toils for no ignoble ends design'd,
 Promote the common welfare of mankind;
 No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
 The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears;
 Oppress'd religion gives the first alarms,
 And injur'd justice sets him in his arms;

His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.

Thus when the forming muse would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.

Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty East;
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shoar
With horror hear the British engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage,
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.

Spain's numerous fleet that perish'd on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battel boast,
The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where-e'er the waves in restless errors rowle,
The sea lies open now to either pole:
Now may we safely use the Northern gales,
And in the Polar Circle spread our sails;
Or deep in Southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars;

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

II

Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has rais'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corps, and streams of blood;
On every guilty plain, and purple flood,
Thy arms have made, and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives entrusted to thy care.

Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty NASSAU through the battle ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side:
Fain would the pious prince refuse th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stoln, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to every blow, and edge his sword,
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Ask Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd and the treaty seal'd;
With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole power of France stood looking on.

But stop not here: behold where Berkley stands,
And executes his injur'd king's commands;
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels, and falling towers;
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round them where they break;

The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.

Thus *Ætna*, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heaven with ashes, and the earth with smoke;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust.

Now does the sailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin ly;
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows,
His wond'ring mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crouded citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once *St. Maloes* stood.

Here *Russel's* actions should my muse require;
And would my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verse;
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and light'ning in his hand;
Like *Homer's Hector* when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.

But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames dispers'd on every shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could *Osmond's* god-like acts refuse,
Ormond the theme of every Oxford muse?
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chase of fame,

Through all the noise and hurry of the fight,
Observe each blow, and keep him still in fight.
Oh, did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great fore-fathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In WILLIAM's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blast the counsels of the common foe;
Direct our armies and distribute right,
And render our MARIA's loss more light.

But stop, my muse; th' ungrateful sound forbear,
MARIA's name still wounds each British ear:
Each British heart MARIA still does wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
MARIA still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our NASSAU comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty prince, desir'd of Britain, come!
May heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crouds behold that look,
Which such confusion and amazement strook
Through Gallic hosts: but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thy eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's sound;

Well-pleas'd, the people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
And steeds o'er-turn'd lay foaming on the ground:
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming joys, and peaceful blessings flow.

A
TRANSLATION
OF ALL
VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,
Except the Story of ARISTAEUS.

ETHERIAL sweets shall next my muse engage,
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage.

Of little creatures wond'rous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.

A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful nine
Join in the piece to make the work divine.

First, for your bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
To trample under foot the springing flowers;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass:
Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the swallow harbour near.
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
And shallow rills run trickling through the grass;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind
Should dip or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
With store of say'ry scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.

Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
The bees of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling cranies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers,
To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops,
Like pitch or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
 And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd;
 But let no baleful eugh-tree flourish near,
 Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire;
 Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
 Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying sound,
 Nor echoing rocks the doubled-voice rebound.
 Things thus prepar'd———

When th'under-world is seiz'd with cold and night,
 And summer here descends in streams of light,
 The Bees through woods and forests take their flight.
 They rise ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim
 The chrystal brook, and sip the running stream;
 And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
 And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.

But when on high you see the bees repair,
 Born on the winds through distant tracts of air,
 And view the winged cloud all blackning from afar;
 While shady coverts, and fresh streams they chuse,
 Milfoil and common honey-suckles bruise,
 And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
 On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
 And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
 Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
 The warm resounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,
 And factions and cabals embroil the state,
 The peoples actions will their thoughts declare;
 All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
 Hoarse broken sounds like trumpets' harsh alarms,
 Run through the hive, and call them to their arms;

All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings:
In crouds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:
At last, when all the heavens are warm and fair
They rush together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings controul,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul:
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
'Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.
This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different; one of better note
All speckt with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease, and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are different as their king's,
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;

Others look lothsome and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.

The first are best——

From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets, that mingling in the glass
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th'unfinish'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd;
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.

Let flow'ry banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.

Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and nurse them in the neighbouring soil,
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water them, and urge their shady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd shew what art the gardner's toils require,
Why rosy Paestum blushes twice a year;
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a chearful green does parsley grace, [grass:
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted
Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the shore;]

Nor daffadils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow bloom.

For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galefus drench'd the washy soil,
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield ;
But sav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lillies whiten'd all the ground. }
Blest with these riches he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furnish out his board :
The spring did first his opening roses blow,
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tender'st of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and lingring western breeze :
His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindons and the sappy pine increas'd ;
Here, when gay flowers his smiling orchard dress'd,
As many blossoms as the spring could show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And spreading plane-trees, where supinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.

But these for want of room I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
These only make their young their public care;
In well-dispos'd societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive;
Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode:
Each provident of cold in summer flies
Through fields and woods, to seek for new supplies,
And in the common stock unloads his thighs.
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
For the first ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabric on his glewy base.
Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heavens, and search the clouded skies
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests rise.

By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
 The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
 The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
 And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.

So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
 When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,
 And all th'unshapen thunder-bolt compleat;
 Alternately their hammers rise and fall;
 Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
 With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
 And some in waters dip the hissing mass;
 Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
 And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.

Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
 The busie swarms their different labours share.
 Desire of profit urges all degrees;
 The aged insects, by experience wise,
 Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,
 And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
 The young at night, returning from their toils,
 Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows spoils.
 On lavender, and saffron buds they feed,
 On bending osiers, and the balmy reed,
 From purple violets and the teile they bring
 Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.

All work together, all together rest,
 The morning still renews their labours past;
 Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
 Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew;
 Again when evening warns them to their home,
 With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
 And croud about the chink, and mix a drowsie hum.

Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds or storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journies, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring;
And lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast,
They carry stones to poise them in their flight,
As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most;
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they chuse out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state;
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journies as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lye
Gro'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by re-peopling their decaying state,
Though seven short springs conclude their vital date,
Their antient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race the childrens children reign.

No prostrate vassal of the east can more
 With slavish fear his haughty prince adore;
 His life unites them all; but when he dies,
 All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
 They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
 And wild confusion reigns in every place.
 Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
 And croud about his courts, and buzz about his throne,
 Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
 Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
 Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from such instances as these have taught
 "The bees extract is heavenly; for they thought
 "The universe alive; and that a soul,
 "Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
 "To all the vast unbounded frame was giv'n,
 "And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all the
 deep of heav'n;
 "That this first kindled life in man and beast,
 "Life that again flows into this at last.
 "That no compounded animal could die,
 "But when dissolv'd, the spirit mounted high,
 "Dwelt in a star; and settled in the sky.

When-e'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
 And take the liquid labours of the bees,
 Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
 A lothsome cloud of smoak amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flowery toils begin,
 And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
 Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
 And add fresh lustre to the summer skies;

And once when hast'ning from the watry sign
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.

The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound.
Their venom'd sting produces aking pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.

When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away ;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones that riot on another's toils :
Oft broods of moths infect the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms,
With louder hums, and with unequal arms ;
Or else the spider at their entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin ;
Their funeral rites are form'd, and every bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity ;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold ;
In drawling hums, the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes eccho through the hive,

Like winds that safely murmur through the trees.
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes. }
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;
To these dry'd roses, thyme and centry join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Pfythian vine.

Besides, there grows a flower in marshy ground,
Its name Amellus, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves:
The flower itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flower, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in watry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
 Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
 Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
 Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians soil,
 'Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
 And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime:
 In this last practice all their hope remains,
 And long experience justifies their pains.

First then a close contracted space of ground,
 With straighten'd walls and low built roof they found:
 A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
 To all the quarters, one to every wind;
 Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
 Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
 When two years growth of horn he proudly shows,
 And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
 His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
 Thy muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
 With violence to life and stifling pain
 He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
 Loud heavy mows fall thick on every side,
 'Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
 When dead they leave him rotting on the ground,
 With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around.
 All this is done when first the western breeze
 Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
 Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
 Or fields in spring's embroidery are drest.
 Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
 And quickens as it works: and now are seen
 A wond'rous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
 Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.

No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
 At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
 Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
 To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
 Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
 Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
 From every side the fruitful carcass pours
 Its swarming brood, as thick as summer-showers,
 Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
 When twanging strings first shoot them on the foes.

Thus have I sung the nature of the bee;
 While Caesar, tow'ring to divinity;
 The frightened Indians with his thunder aw'd,
 And claim'd their homage, and commens'd a god;
 I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
 Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
 I who before the songs of shepherds made,
 When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
 And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

S O N G.

For St. CECILIA's Day at Oxford.

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
 With joy and wonder fill the blest,
 In choirs of warbling seraphims
 Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
 Attend, harmonious saint, and see,
 Thy vocal sons of harmony ;
 Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our prayers ;
 Enliven all our earthly airs,
 And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee :
 Tune every string and every tongue,
 Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all CECILIA's praise proclaim,
 Employ the echo in her name.
 Hark ! how the flutes and trumpets raise,
 At bright CECILIA's name, their lays ;
 The organ labours in her praise.
 CECILIA's name does all our numbers grace,
 From every voice the tuneful accents fly,
 In soaring trebles now it rises high,
 And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.

CECILIA's name through all the notes we sing,
 The work of every skilful tongue,
 The sound of every trembling string,
 The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day,
 To music and CECILIA ;
 Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
 And all of heaven we have below.
 Music can noble hints impart,
 Engender fury, kindle love ;
 With unsuspected eloquence can move,
 And manage all the man with secret art.
 When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
 The streams stand still, the stones admire ;
 The list'ning savages advance,
 The wolf and lamb around him trip,
 The bears in awkward measures leap,
 And tygers mingle in the dance.
 The moving woods attended as he play'd,
 And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious heat inspires,
 It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
 And wings it with sublime desires,
 And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
 Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
 And seems well-pleas'd and courted with a song.
 Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs
 Give force to every word, and recommend our prayers.

When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its power,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:

Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:

All heaven shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whose creation in a chorus join.

C H O R U S.

Consecrate the place and day,
To music and CECILIA.

Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.

Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue ;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

A N
A C C O U N T
OF THE GREATEST
E N G L I S H P O E T S.

To Mr. HENRY SACHEVERELL, April 3. 1694.

SINCE, dearest HARRY, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse possess,
 That down from CHAUCER's days to DRYDEN's times,
 Have spent their noble rage in British rhimes;
 Without more preface, writ in formal length,
 To speak the undertaker's want of strength.
 I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
 And show their verses worth, though not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
 Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;
 'Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
 And many a story told in rhyme, and prose.
 But age has rusted what the poet writ,
 Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
 In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
 And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage;
 In antient tales amus'd a barb'rous rage;
 An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
 Where-e'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd

Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.

But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;

The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lyes too plain below.

We view well pleas'd at distance all the fights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.

But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landschape fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:

His turns too closely on the reader press:

He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.

One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.

As in the milky-way a shining white

O'er-flows the heavens with one continu'd light;

That not a single star can strew his rays,

Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.

Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name

Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;

Thy fault is only wit in its excess:

But wit like thine in any shape will please.

What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,

And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?

Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,

And forc'd expression, imitate in vain!

Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight, [flight.

And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler

Blest man ! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise :
Blest man ! who now shalt be for ever known,
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks ;
No vulgar heroe can his muse ingage ;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See ! see ! he upward springs, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' almighty Thunderer in arms.
What-e'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst ev'ry verse array'd in majesty,
Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight !
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines !
What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war !
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire ;
But when with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view thy first gay scenes of Paradise ;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness.
Oh had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men !
His other works might have deserv'd applause.
But now the language can't support the cause ;

While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and smoothe thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire;
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Schariffa's beauties kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flatt'ring song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storms that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great NASSAU on the British throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyn's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry:
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.

Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.

But see where artful Dryden next appears
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.

Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
 The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
 Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
 She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears,
 If satire or heroic strains she writes,
 Her heroic pleases, and her satire bites.
 From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
 She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
 How might we fear our English poetry,
 That long has flourish'd should decay with thee;
 Did not the muses other hope appear,
 Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
 Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
 Has given already much, and promis'd more.
 Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
 And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhiming, and would fain give o'er,
 But justice still demands one labour more:
 The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
 For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
 To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
 In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
 How negligently graceful he unreins
 His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
 How NASSAU's god-like acts adorn his lines,
 And all the hero in full glory shines!
 We see his army set in just array,
 And Boia's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
 Nor Simois choak'd with men, and arms, and blood;
 Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
 Shall longer be the poet's highest themes, [streams.
 Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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But now to NASSAU's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the heroe, whom before he prais'd.

*I've done at length; and now, dear Friend, receive
The last poor present that my muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend, and muse, farewell.*

A

LETTER from *ITALY*,

TO THE RIGHT-HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

In the Year MDCCI.

*Salve magne parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

VIRG. Georg. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For her advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme:
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,

Poetic fields encompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground ;
 For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
 And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
 For rising springs and celebrated floods !
 To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
 And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
 To see the Mincio draw his watry store
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
 And hoary Albula's infected tide
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
 Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
 The king of floods ! that rolling o'er the plains
 The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
 And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song.
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
 (Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
 Yet run for-ever by the muse's skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
 That destitute of strength derives its course
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source ;
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys ;

So high the deathless muse exalts her theme !
 Such was the Boyn, a poor inglorious stream,
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
 And unobserv'd in wild Meanders play'd ;
 'Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows through the world resound,
 Where-e'er the heroe's god-like acts can pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine !

See how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
 Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents :
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats ;
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride ;
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
 An amphitheater's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,

That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
 And held uncrouded nations in its womb :
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies :
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
 Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
 And wond'ring at their height thro' airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wandring muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;
 Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
 In solemn silence, a majestic band,
 Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors in Parian marble frown ;
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I Raphael's god-like art rehearse,
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
 A new creation rises to my sight,
 Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost :
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;
 Here domes and temples rise at distant views,
 And opening palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !

But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
 While proud oppression in her vallies reigns,
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The red'ning orange, and the swelling grain:
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
 Profuse of bliss; and pregnant with delight!
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
 Eas'd of her load Spbjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks chearful in thy sight;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
 How oft in fields of death thy presence fought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:

'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle, [smile.
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight ;

A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live :

'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,

To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.

The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms :

Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite ;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream ;
Unfit for heroes ; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

MILTON'S STILE IMITATED,

IN A

TRANSLATION of a STORY

OUT OF THE

T H I R D Æ N E I D.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
 We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
 Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
 That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
 Vast showers of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
 Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
 Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
 Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
 The bottom works with smother'd fire involv'd
 In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.

'Tis said, that thunder-struck Enceladus,
 Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
 Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
 And when he heaves against the burning load,
 Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
 A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle:
 And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,

Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day."

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclos'd;
When looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meager, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sate in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.

He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: "By heaven's eternal fires,
"By every God that sits enthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear me hence to any distant shore,
"So I may shun this savage race accurs'd.
"'Tis true, I fought among the Greeks, that late
"With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
"And laid the labour of the gods in dust;

" For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
 " Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
 " Whelm'd under seas ; if death must be my doom,
 " Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd.

He ended here, and now profuse of tears
 In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet :
 We bad him speak from whence, and what he was,
 And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low ;
 Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
 Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity ;
 When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.

I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
 Is Achaemenides, my country Greece,
 Ulysses' sad compeer, who whilst he fled
 The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
 Disconsolate, forlorn ; within the cave
 He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave ;
 A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
 On all sides furr'd with mouldy damp, and hung
 With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
 His dire repast : himself of mighty size,
 Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
 Intractable, that riots on the flesh
 Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
 Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
 Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man ;
 I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
 He dash'd and broke them on the grundfil edge ;
 The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
 Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
 And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
 That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth

As sensible of pain. Nor less mean-while
Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gor'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretch'd at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charged
With purple wine and cruddled gore confused.
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dext'rously apply'd,
Which in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoop out the big round gelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays;
Fly, mortals, fly this curst detested race:
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft seen them as they pass,
Sculking and scouring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,
The realms of night inglorious, since I've liv'd
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighb'ring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around, his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore

He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd ;
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice ; he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within ; then stalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side ; we stood
Amaz'd, be sure, a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
'Till using all the force of winds and oars
We sped away ; he heard us in our course,
And with his out-stretch'd arms around him grop'd ;
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In distant echoes answer'd ; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly ! we with eager haste
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.
So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth : the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at a distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

THE
CAMPAIGN,
A
POEM,

TO HIS GRACE, THE
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

——— *Rheni pacatur et Istri.*

*Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; laetatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.*

. Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

*Esse aliquam in terris gentem quae sua impensa, suo labore
ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc
finitimis, aut propinquae vicinitatis hominibus, aut ter-
ris continenti junctis praestet. Maria trajiciat; ne
quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubi-
que jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint. Liv. Hist. lib. 33.*

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T H E
C A M P A I G N,
A
P O E M.

WHILE crouds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enroll your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And ANNA's praises crown the vast applause:
Accept, great Leader! what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new.
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view,
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th'important year,
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His antient bounds enlarg'd on every side,
Pirene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Opposed their Alpes and Appenines in vain,

Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd and half abandon'd to despair
His hopes on heaven, and confidence in prayer.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In ANNA's councils, and in CHURCHILL's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By showers of blessings heaven approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,

Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our god-like leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods, such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues:
Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
'Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their maker's image more than half defac'd),

Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Necar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That chearfully its labours past forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein:
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the same of England's heroe drew
EUGENIO to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood,
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares entrust the cause of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harras'd troops the heroe's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound :
Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the stench hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees :
But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past,
Th'immortal SCHELLENBERG appears at last:
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like vallies at their feet the trenches lye ;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep :
Great CHURCHILL owns, charm'd with the glorious
His march o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight. [fight,

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
Ev'ning approach'd ; but oh what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close !
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close compacted Britons win their way ;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste ;
Still pressing forward to the fight they broke,
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,

'Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle kindled into tenfold rage
With showers of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat!
Only destructive to the brave and great!)

After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last:
But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:

While MARLBRO' lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.

Blunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight;
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crouds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;

Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crouded armies fortify'd in vain :
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight encreas'd with swelling tides ;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And MARLBRO'S form in every shadow fear,
'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donawert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies, and support of wars :
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannons doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded prince ! how is thy greatness cross'd,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own !

Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
 Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
 Nor find it there : surrounded with alarms,
 Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms ;
 The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
 And croud thy standards with the power of France,
 While to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
 Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
 Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,
 And make the hero and the man complete.
 Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
 By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain ;
 'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to spare
 His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
 In vengeance rous'd the soldier fills his hand
 With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
 A thousand villages to ashes turns,
 In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
 To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
 And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat ;
 Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
 And cries of infants sound in every brake :
 The list'ning foldier fixt in sorrow stands,
 Loth to obey his leader's just commands ;
 The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
 To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far
 In shriller clangors animates the war,
 Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,
 And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat :

Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lillies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that providence assail'd,
And ANNA's ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds controul;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'er-look the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possess the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!

Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.

'Twas then great MARLBOROUGH's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war ;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battel where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;
And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirl-wind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household troops advance !
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows ;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear :
Vain insolence ! with native freedom brave
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave ;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,
Each fights, as in his arms th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay :
A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,

Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crouds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousand of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirl-pools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides;
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs, the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! oh who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,

Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
 Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
 Thyself in bondage by the victor kept !
 The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
 An English muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
 And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
 Greatly distress ! thy loud complaints forbear,
 Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
 Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
 The fatal field by such great leaders won,
 The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
 Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell
 The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
 Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
 Or, midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
 Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
 In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
 Ev'n those who 'scapt the fetters and the sword,
 Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
 Their raging king dishonours, to compleat
 MARLBRO's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memminghen's high domes, and Aufburg's walls,
 The distant battle drives th'insulting Gauls,
 Free'd by the terror of the victor's name
 The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
 Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
 And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
 In every thought the tow'ring genius shines :
 If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
 O'er the wide continent his march extends ;

If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
 Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
 If to the fight his active soul is bent,
 The fate of Europe turns on its event.
 What distant land, what region can afford
 An action worthy his victorious sword:
 Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
 To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swollen Rhine rushing with all its force,
 Divides the hostile nations in its course,
 While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
 Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
 On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
 That all the wide extended plain commands;
 Twice, since the war was kindled has he try'd
 The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
 As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
 Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
 Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
 Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
 And, though the dog-star had its course begun,
 Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
 Fix'd on the glorious action he forgets
 The change of seasons, and increase of heats;
 No toils are painful that can danger show,
 No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
 Learns to encamp within his native land,
 But soon as the victorious host he spies,
 From hill to hill, from stream to stream, he flies:
 Such dire impressions in his heart remain
 Of MARLBRO's sword, and Hocstet's fatal plain:

In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
The shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry, so high extends,
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in the embraces of the god-like man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nereus shone but in a second place:
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by MARLBRO's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,

Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
 And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes.
 Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
 And Taerbach feels the terror of his arms,
 Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
 While MARLBRO' presses to the bold attack,
 Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
 And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
 Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
 Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
 And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
 His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
 Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
 The work of ages sunk in one campaign,
 And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of ANNA's royal cares :
 By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
 Ranges through nations, wherefoe'er disjoin'd,
 Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
 By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
 And taste the sweets of English liberty ;
 But who can tell the joys of those that lie
 Beneath the constant influence of her eye !
 Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall
 Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
 Secure the happy, succour the distressed,
 Make every subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse ;
 That if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
 May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.

When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
 Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
 Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
 And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
 And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
 MARLBRO's exploits appear divinely bright,
 And proudly shine in their own native light;
 Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
 And those who paint them truest praise them most.

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

T E N D E R H U S B A N D . *

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

IN the first rise and infancy of farce,
 When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
 The raw unpractic'd authors could, with ease,
 A young and unexperienc'd audience please;
 No single character had e'er been shown,
 But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
 Rich in originals, they set to view,
 In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.

But now our British theatre can boast
 Droles of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
 Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
 Cuckolds, and citts, and baulds, and pimps, and beaux,
 Rough-country knights are fond of every shire;
 Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
 And punks of different characters we meet,
 As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
 Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
 And here and there by chance glean up a fool:

* A Comedy written by Sir Richard Steele.

Long ere they find the necessary spark,
 They search the town, and beat about the park,
 To all his most frequented haunts resort,
 Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court :
 As love of pleasure, or of place invites :
 And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
 Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage ;
 That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
 And wo'n't be blockheads in the common road.
 Do but survey this crouded house to-night :
 — Here's still encouragement for those that write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
 Stocks with variety of fools his play :
 And that there may be something gay, and new,
 Two ladies errant has expos'd to view ;
 The first a damsel, travell'd in Romance ;
 The t'other more refin'd ; she comes from France :
 Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger ;
 And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

BRITISH ENCHANTERS.*

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
 Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
 While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
 The soft musician in a moving shade.

That this night's strains the same success may find,
 The force of magic is to music join'd :

Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
 The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.

Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
 On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
 The desert smiles; the woods begin to grow,
 The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull sights in the same landscape mix'd,
 Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
 A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
 And pall the sense with one continu'd show :
 But as our two magicians try their skill,
 The vision varies, though the place stands still,

* A dramatic Poem written by the lord Lansdown.

Long ere they find the necessary spark,
 They search the town, and beat about the park,
 To all his most frequented haunts resort,
 Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court :
 As love of pleasure, or of place invites :
 And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

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While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
 Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
 Thus (without unity of place transgress)
 Th' Enchanter turns the critic to a jest.

But howsoe'er, to please your wand'ring eyes,
 Bright objects disappear, and brighter rise:
 There's none can make amends for lost delight,
 While from that circle we divert your sight.

BRITISH ENCHANTER

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 Th' Enchanter turns the critic to a jest.
 But howsoe'er, to please your wand'ring eyes,
 Bright objects disappear, and brighter rise:
 There's none can make amends for lost delight,
 While from that circle we divert your sight.
 The force of magic is to make you see
 What looking brings not into view;
 The distance will not matter to the eye,
 As long as objects were the pleasing view.
 Of many a mountain, or a well of life,
 The heart fails; the woods seem to give
 The birds to whistle, and the fountains to flow.
 The same dull light is the same landscape now.
 Scenes of life, and points for ever fixed,
 A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow.
 And still the same with one continual flow
 But is our own imagination's eye that fills
 The vision rather, though the place stands still.

A dramatic poem written by the hand of an Enchanter

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 71

PROLOGUE

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.*

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage :
In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a feuge expire ;
While lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit :
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles repartee :
Our home-spun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakespear to the soft Scarletti yield.

To your new taste the poet of this day,
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play ;
Had Valentini, musically coy,
Shun'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy,
It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen :

* A Tragedy written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

How would it please, should she in English speak,
 And could Hippolitus reply in Greek ?
 But he, a stranger to your modish way,
 By your old rules must stand or fall to-day.
 And hopes you will your foreign taste command,
 To bear, for once, with what you understand.

PHEDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

Spoken by Mr. W. L. G.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
 That ran by merit, and through the common rage;
 In songs and arms express'd their martial fire,
 Combat in trills, and in a tongue expire;
 While led by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
 Calm and serene you indolently sit;
 And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
 Hear the tedious gibber repeat;
 Our heroes then authors must forsake the field,
 And shew us as the soft eastern yield.
 To you now falls the part of this day,
 Was by a friend advis'd to turn his play;
 Had Valerius, modestly coy,
 Shun'd Phaedra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy,
 It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
 An eunuch by these inimitable queen.

A Tragedy written by Mr. Edward Smith.

H O R A C E,

ODE III. BOOK III.

AUGUSTUS *had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having closetted several senators on the project: HORACE is supposed to have written the following ODE on this occasion.*

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Such were the god-like arts that led
 Bright Pollux to the blest abodes :
 Such did for great Alcides plead,
 And gain'd a place among the Gods ;
 Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
 And to his lips the nectar bowl applies :
 His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
 And with immortal stains divinely glow.

By arts like these did young Lyaenus rise :
 His Tigers drew him to the skies,
 Wild from the desert and unbroke :
 In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
 In vain their eyes with fury glar'd ;
 He tam'd them to the lash, and bent them to the yoke.

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trode,
 When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
 He shook off dull mortality,
 And lost the monarch in the god.
 Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
 And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.

Troy, says the goddess, perjur'd Troy has felt
 The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt ;
 The towering pile, and soft abodes,
 Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
 Now spreads its ruins all around,
 And lies inglorious on the ground.
 An umpire, partial and unjust,
 And a loud woman's impious lust,
 Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.
 Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
 That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,

Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel ;
To my resentments, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.

And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adult'rer shines no more ;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield, [field.
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the

My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his off-spring of the Trojan line :
Advanc'd to god-head let him rise,
And take his station in the skies ;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light ;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations croud his shrine :

The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast ;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore, [rore.
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd

Still let the curst detested place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass. }
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray ;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.

May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts, and silent desarts find ;

In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, couch'd, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.

While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise,
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two :
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall spread,
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.

Riches the hardy soldier shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.

To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
'Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign ;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.

A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations rase:
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies head myself will show
What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.

Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my fav'rite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground;
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.

But hold, my muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the Gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
The mighty strains, in Lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

The Story of PHAETON.

THE sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
 With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd ;
 The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
 And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight ;
 Of polish'd ivory was the cov'ring wrought :
 The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
 For in the portal was display'd on high
 (The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky ;
 A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
 And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
 Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode ;
 Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god)
 With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
 Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
 While some on rocks their drooping hair divide,
 And some on fishes through the waters glide :
 Though various features did the sisters grace,
 A sister's likeness was in every face.

On earth a different landskip courts the eyes;
 Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
 And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
 O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image shines;
 On either gate were fix engraven signs.

Here Phaeton, still gaining on th' ascent,
 To his suspected father's palace went,
 'Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
 He saw at distance the illustrious god.
 He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
 Had flash'd too strongly on his aking sight.

The god sits high, exalted on a throne
 Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
 The Hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
 And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, stand.
 Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
 Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
 Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
 And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
 That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
 He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
 Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the place;
 And cries aloud, "What wants my son? for know,
 "My son thou art, and I must call thee so.

"Light of the world, the trembling youth replies,
 "Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
 "The parent's name, some certain token give,
 "That I may Clymene's proud boast believe,
 "Nor longer under false reproaches grieve.

The tender fire was touch'd with what he said,
 And flung the blaze of glories from his head,

And bid the youth advance ; " My son, said he,

" Come to thy father's arms ! for Clymene

" Has told thee true ; a parent's name I own,

" And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.

" As a sure proof, make some request, and I,

" Whate'er it be, with that request comply ;

" By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,

" And roul impervious to my piercing sight.

The youth transported, asks without delay,

To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.

The God repented of the oath he took,

For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook :

" My son, says he, some other proof require ;

" Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire,

" I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,

" Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.

" Too vast and hazardous the task appears,

" Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.

" Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly

" Beyond the province of mortality :

" There is not one of all the gods that dares

" (However skill'd in other great affairs)

" To mount the burning axle-tree, but I ;

" Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,

" That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,

" Dares try his strength ; yet who so strong as Jove ?

" The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain :

" And when the middle firmament they gain,

" If downward from the heavens my head I bow,

" And see the earth and ocean hang below,

" Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,

" And my own heart misgives me at the sight.

- " A mighty downfal sleeps the ev'ning stage,
" And stedd'ey reins must curb the horses' rage.
" Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driven
" Down headlong from the precipice of heaven.
" Besides, consider what impetuous force
" Turns stars and planets in a different course :
" I steer against their motions ; nor am I
" Born back by all the current of the sky.
" But how could you resist the orbs that roll
" In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole ?
" But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
" And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods ;
" While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
" Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies :
" For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
" The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite ;
" Next him the bright Haemonian Bow is strung ;
" And next, the Lion's grinning visage hung :
" The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
" And here the Crabs in lesser clasps are bent.
" Nor would you find it easy to compose
" The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows }
" The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows. }
" Ev'n I their head-strong fury scarce restrain,
" When they grow warm and restive to the rein.
" Let not my son a fatal gift require,
" But, oh ! in time, recal your rash desire ;
" You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
" Let these my fears your parentage reveal ;
" And learn a father from a father's care :
" Look on my face ; or if my heart lay bare, }
" Could you but look, you'd read the father there. }

" Chuse out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies;
 " For open to your wish all nature lies,
 " Only decline this one unequal task,
 " For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask;
 " You ask a real mischief, Phaeton;
 " Nay hang not thus about my neck, my son:
 " I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
 " Chuse what you will, but make a wiser choice.

Thus did the God th'unwary youth advise;
 But he still longs to travel through the skies.
 When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
 At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
 A golden axle did the work uphold,
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
 The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
 The seat with parti-colour'd gems was bright;
 Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
 The youth with secret joy the work surveys:
 When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
 The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
 The stars away, and fled himself at last.
 Seen as the father saw the rosy morn,
 And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
 He bid the nimble Hours without delay
 Bring forth the steeds, the nimble Hours obey:
 From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
 Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
 Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
 To make him proof against the burning ray,
 His temples with celestial ointment wet,
 Of sov'reign virtue to repel the heat;

Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,

" Take this at least, this last advice, my son:

" Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:

" The coursers of themselves will run too fast,

" Your art must be to moderate their haste.

" Drive them not on directly through the skies,

" But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,

" Along the midmost Zone; but fallly forth

" Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.

" The horses' hoofs a beaten tract will show,

" But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,

" That no new fires or heaven or earth infest;

" Keep the mid way, the middle way is best.

" Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,

" Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines.

" Shun both extremes; the rest let fortune guide,

" And better for thee than thyself provide!

" See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,

" Aurora gives the promise of a day;

" I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.

" Snatch up the reins; or still th'attempt forsake,

" And not my chariot, but my counsel take,

" While yet securely on the earth you stand;

" Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.

" Let me alone to light the world, while you

" Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.

He spoke in vain; the youth with active heat

And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;

And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives

Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
And all the waste of heaven before them lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea th'unballast'd vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their staid course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.
Then the Seven Stars first felt Apollo's ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes too, that fain
Thou woul'dst have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy wain.
Th'unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.

Now could he with the fiery steeds untry'd,
His birth obscure, and his request deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the sun.

So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost,
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and prayer.

What could he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
The horses' names he knew not in the fright;
Nor would he lose the reins, nor could he hold 'em tight.
Now all the horrors of the heaven he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
And fills the space; of two celestial signs,
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horses felt them loose upon their mains,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroul'd where-e'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.

And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her brothers steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoak, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fewel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Oeagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spight of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow;
And Rhodope, no longer cloath'd in snow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Even Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd,
Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine;
And, where the long-extended Alpes aspire,
Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th'astonish'd youth, where-e'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:

Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
 And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,
 He flew where-e'er the horses drove, nor knew
 Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
 To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.

Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,
 Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.

The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
 Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns,
 Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
 And Argos grieves whilst Amyclone fails.

The floods are drain'd from every distant coast,
 Even Tanais, though fix'd in ice, was lost,
 Enrag'd Caicus and Lycormas rear,
 And Xanthus fated to be burnt once more.

The fam'd Mæander, that unweary'd strays
 Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.

From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
 The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
 In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.

In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roul'd,
 And Tagus floating in his melted gold.

The swans, that on Caïster often try'd
 Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd.

The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
 Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:

His seven divided currents all are dry,
 And where they roul'd, seven gaping trenches lye.

No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
 Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep-cleft, admits the dazling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day.

The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.

The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath, th'unshapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lye.

Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.

Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The Earth at length, on every side embrac'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And croud within the hollow of her womb,
Up-listed to the heavens her blasted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said;
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat)

" If you, great king of gods, my death approve,

" And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;

" If I must perish by the force of fire,

" Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.

" See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)

" See my singe'd hair, behold my faded eye,

" And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lye!

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

- " And does the plow for this my body tear?
 " This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
 " Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
 " That herbs for cattel daily I renew,
 " And food for man, and frankincense for you?
 " But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
 " Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
 " The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
 " Why does it waste, and further shrink from heaven?
 " If I nor he your pity can provoke,
 " See your own heavens, the heavens begin to smoke!
 " Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
 " Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
 " Atlas become unequal to his freight,
 " And almost faints beneath the glowing weight:
 " If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
 " All must again into their chaos turn.
 " Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
 " And succour nature; ere it be too late.

She ceas'd; for choak'd with vapours round her spread,
 Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.

Jove call'd to witness every power above,
 And even the God, whose son the chariot drove,
 That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
 Or universal ruin must ensue.
 Strait he ascends the high æthereal throne;
 From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down;
 From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour,
 But now could meet with neither storm nor shower.
 Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
 Full at his head he hurl'd the forked brand,

In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th'almighty fire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life, and from the chariot driven,
Th'ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven.
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground;
The studded harness from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.
The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop;
'Till on the Po his blasted corps was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON'S Sisters transformed into Trees.

The Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd,
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilst yet smoking from the belt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:

“ Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;
“ His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
“ But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd.

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a sun:

The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that still did nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But Clyméne, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd round the world she goes,
To seek where-e'er his body might be cast;
Till on the borders of the Po, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears,
The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears:
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain:

All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
So long the mother, and the daughters mourn'd:
When now the eldest Phaëthusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself with-held, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies stood
Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;

But still above were female heads display'd,
 And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid:
 What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
 From this to that with eager haste she flew,
 And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew.
 She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
 And from their verdant fingers strip the leaves:
 The blood came trickling, where she tore away
 The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say—
 "Forbear, mistaken parent, oh, forbear;
 "A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
 "Farewell for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
 Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.

The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
 Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
 Distil for ever on the streams below.
 The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
 Mix'd in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd
 Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

The transformation of CYCNUS into a Swan.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
 To their dead brother, on their mortal side,
 In friendship and affection nearer bound;
 He left the cities and the realms he own'd;
 Thro' pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
 And woods, made thicker by the sisters change.
 Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
 The melancholy monarch made his moan,

His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
And issu'd through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All Cygnus now into a swan was turn'd,
Who, still remembering how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean while Apollo in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sun-shine, and abhors the light:
The hidden grief that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and over-cast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his grief he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
“ E'er since the birth of time, said he, I've born
“ A long ungrateful toil without return;
“ Let now some other manage, if he dare,
“ The fiery steeds, and mount the burning carr;
“ Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
“ And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
“ Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
“ My son deserv'd not so severe a fate.

The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,

Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
 Jove too himself, descending from his height,
 Excuses what had happen'd, and intreats,
 Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
 Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
 The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
 And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
 And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

The Story of CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and Jove
 Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
 To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
 But all was safe; the earth he then survey'd,
 And cast an eye on every different coast,
 And every land; but on Arcadia most.
 Her fields he cloath'd and cheer'd her blasted face
 With running fountains, and with springing grass.
 No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
 The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again
 But as the God walk'd to and fro the earth,
 And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
 By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
 And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
 The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
 Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
 Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
 Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
 To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
 The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.

Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.

Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard,

"Here I am safe, he cries, from Juno's eye;

"Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,

"Yet would I venture on a theft like this,

"And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!

Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Softened his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.

"How fares my girl! How went the morning chase?

To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,

"All-hail, bright deity, whom I prefer

"To Jove himself, tho' Jove himself were here.

The god was nearer than she thought, and heard

Well-pleas'd himself before himself prefer'd.

He then salutes her with a warm embrace:

And, ere she half had told the morning chase,

With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,

Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kiss,

His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,

Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.

The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd;
 (Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd)
 With all her might against his force she strove;
 But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!

Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,
 Back to his heavens th'exulting god retir'd.
 The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
 With down-cast eyes, and with a blushing face,
 By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
 Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
 And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
 Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

But now Diana, with a sprightly train,
 Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
 Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
 A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
 But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress
 Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
 Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
 Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
 As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
 Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
 That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
 Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
 'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
 And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
 When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
 Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,
 That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
 And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
 The goddess prais'd: " And now no spies are near,
 " Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash, she cries.
 Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
 Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
 And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;
 In vain excus'd: her fellows round her press'd,
 And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
 The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
 In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
 " Begone! the goddess cries with stern disdain,
 " Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain:
 She fled, for ever banish'd from the train.

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
 To punish the detested rival's crime;
 The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
 A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd,
 " It is enough! I'm fully satisfy'd!
 " This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
 " My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love:
 " But vengeance shall awake: those guilty charms,
 " That drew the thunderer from Juno's arms,
 " No longer shall their wonted force retain,
 " Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain.

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
 Swung her to earth, and drag'd her on the ground:
 The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
 Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
 Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
 Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;

Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
 To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
 And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
 The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
 Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came
 In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
 The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
 And heav'd her new unweildy paws to Jove,
 And beg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
 She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
 And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
 How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
 Whilst from her hounds the frightened huntress flew!
 How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
 The shaggy bear, though now herself was one!
 How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
 Although the grim Lycaon was her sire!

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
 Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
 When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
 He chanc'd to raise his mother where she lay;
 She knew her son and kept him in her sight,
 And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
 And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
 And would have slain his mother in the beast;
 But Jove forbad, and snatch'd them through the air
 In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there,
 Where the new constellations nightly rise,
 And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When Juno saw the rival in her height,
 Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,

She fought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
 And Tethys ; both rever'd among the gods.
 They ask what brings her there : " Ne'er ask, says she,
 " What brings me here, heaven is no place for me.
 " You'll see when night has cover'd all things o'er,
 " Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
 " Usurp the heavens ; you'll see them proudly roul
 " In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
 " And who shall now on Juno's altars wait,
 " When those she hates grow greater by her hate ?
 " I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
 " Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast ;
 " This, this was all my weak revenge could do :
 " But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
 " And, as he acted after Io's rape,
 " Restore th'adult'ress to her former shape ;
 " Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
 " The great Lycaon's off-spring to his bed.
 " But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,
 " And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
 " Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
 " Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams.
 The goddess ended, and her wish was given ;
 Back she return'd in triumph up to heaven ;
 Her gawdy peacocks drew her through the skies,
 Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes ;
 The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
 At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

*The Story of CORONIS, and Birth of
ÆSCULAPIUS.*

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsully'd breast,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.

The story of his change shall here be told;
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confest the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or while he thought her true.
But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd:
The busy daw flew with him, side by side,
And by a thousand teizing questions drew
Th'important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd.

“ Stay, silly bird, th'ill-natur'd task refuse,
“ Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
“ Be warn'd by my example: you discern
“ What now I am, and what I was shall learn.

- " My foolish honesty was all my crime;
 " Then hear my story. Once upon a time;
 " The two-shap'd Erichonius had his birth;
 " (Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
 " Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
 " Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
 " The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
 " To guard the chest, commanded not to look
 " On what was hid within. I stood to see
 " The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree:
 " The sisters Pandrosos and Herse keep
 " The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep;
 " And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
 " And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight;
 " A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
 " But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
 " I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
 " But for my pains discarded and disgrac'd,
 " The frowning goddess drove me from her sight;
 " And for her favourite chose the bird of night.
 " Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
 " Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
 " But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
 " As never by the heavenly maid lov'd:
 " But I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lye;
 " Though Pallas hate me now, she won't deny:
 " For I whom in a feather'd shape you view,
 " Was once a maid (by heaven the story's true)
 " A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too:
 " A croud of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
 " My beauty was the cause of all my harms;

" Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
 " Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love,
 " He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
 " And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
 " Swift he pursu'd: I ran along the strand,
 " 'Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
 " I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air;
 " To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
 " A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
 " For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
 " I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
 " I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
 " My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:
 " My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
 " Nor naked bosom now nor hands, had I.
 " Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
 " Sunk in the sand, but skim'd along the shore;
 " 'Till, rising on my wings, I was prefer'd
 " To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird:
 " Prefer'd in vain! I now am in disgrace:
 " Nyctimene the Owl enjoys my place.
 " On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
 " (In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)
 " And of her dire amours you must have heard,
 " For which she now does penance in a bird,
 " That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
 " And loves the gloomy coving of the night;
 " The birds, where-e'er she flutters, scare away
 " The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.
 The Raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
 " Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,

And curst the harmless Daw; the Daw withdrew:
 The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
 And found him out, and told the fatal truth
 Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.

The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
 The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook:
 His silver bow and feather shafts he took,
 And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
 That had so often to his own been prest.
 Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
 And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
 And welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
 " Ah cruel god! though I have justly dy'd,
 " What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
 " That he should fall, and two expire in one?
 This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The god dissolves in pity at her death;
 He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
 And hates himself for what himself had done;
 The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
 And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
 Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
 And tries the compass of his art in vain.
 Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
 The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
 With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
 And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
 Her corps he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
 And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.

But, lest his off'ring should her fate partake,
 Spight of th'immortal mixture in his make,

He ript her womb, and set the child at large;
 And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge;
 Then in his fury black'd the Raven o'er,
 And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHOE transformed to a Mare.

Old Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
 Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
 His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
 The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
 With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came
 To see the child; Ocyrrhoe was her name;
 She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
 The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
 Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
 The god was kindled in the raving maid;
 And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;
 "Hail, great physician of the world, all hail;
 "Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
 "Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
 "Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
 "Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
 "Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
 "And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
 "Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
 "Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
 "And thou, my sire, not destin'd by thy birth
 "To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
 "How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
 "And quit thy claim to immortality!

" When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,

" The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins !

" The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,

" And give thee over to the power of fate.

Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offending Jove betray'd :

More had she still to say ; but now appears

Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.

" My voice, says she, is gone, my language fails ;

" Through every limb my kindred shape prevails :

" Why did the god this fatal gift impart,

" And with prophetic raptures swell my heart !

" What new desires are these ? I long to pace

" O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass ;

" I hasten to a brute, a maid no more ;

" But why, alas ! am I transform'd all o'er ?

" My fire does half a human shape retain,

" And in his upper parts preserves the man.

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,

But in shrill accents, and mis-shapen words

Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare

The human form confounded in the mare,

'Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,

She neigh'd out-right, and all the steed express.

Her stooping body on her hands is born,

Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn ;

Her yellow tresser ruffle in a mane ;

And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.

The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,

And a new name from the new figure took.

*The transformation of BATTUS to a
Touch-Stone.*

Sore wept the Centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the Centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of bees he drove;
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherds cloak;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd. }
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd;
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite Mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thievish god suspected him, and took
The Hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke;
" Discover not the theft, who'er thou be,
" And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
" Go, stranger, cries the clown, securely on,
" That stone shall sooner tell; and show'd a stone.

The god withdrew, but strait return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country swain;
And cries out, " Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
" Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
" In the recovery of my cattle join,
" A bullock and a heifer shall be thine.

The peasant quick replies, " You'll find them there
 " In yon dark vale: and in the vale they were.
 The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
 The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
 " And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
 " Me to myself dost thou betray? says he:
 Then to a Touch-Stone turns the faithless spy,
 And in his name records his infamy.

*The Story of AGLAUROS, transformed
 into a Statue.*

This done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
 O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
 And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
 All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast when each Athenian maid
 Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
 In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
 High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore:
 And now, returning in a solemn train,
 The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain.

The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
 And saw the bright procession pass below;
 Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
 And hover'd o'er them: as the spreading kite,
 That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
 Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
 And sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
 So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
 And in in slow winding circles round them flew.

As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
 Or, as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer;
 So much did Hersè all the rest outvy,
 And gave a grace to the solemnity.
 Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hun:
 So the cold bullet, that with fury slung
 From Balearic engines mounts on high,
 Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
 At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
 The form divine, the features of a god.
 He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
 And yet he strives to better them by art.
 He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
 The golden edging on the seam below;
 Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
 Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand;
 The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
 And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
 He seeks th'apartment of the royal maid.
 The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
 That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd,
 Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
 The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
 Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
 Aglauros first th'approaching god descry'd,
 And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
 And what his business was, and whence he came.
 " I come, reply'd the god, from heaven, to woo
 " Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
 " I am the son and messenger of Jove.
 " My name is Mercury, my business love ;

“ Do you, kind damsel, take a lover’s part,
“ And gain admittance to your sister’s heart.

She star’d him in the face with looks amaz’d,
As when she on Minerva’s secret gaz’d,
And ask’d a mighty treasure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes it god retire.
Minerva griev’d to see the nymph succeed ;
And now rememb’ring the late impious deed,
When disobedient to her strict command,
She touch’d the chest with an unhallow’d hand ;
In bid-sworn sighs her inward rage express’d,
That heav’d the rising Ægis on her breast :
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil’d with rosy gore and clots of blood :
Shut from the winds, and from the wholsom skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her course she steer’d
Against the gates her martial lance she rear’d ;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear’d. }
A pois’nous morsel in her teeth she chew’d,
And gor’d the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva, loathing, turn’d away her eye ;
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetch’d a groan at such a chearful sight.
Livid and meager were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn’d awry ;

A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
 And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
 Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue
 In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
 She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
 Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
 Restless in spite: while watchful to destroy,
 She pines and sickens at another's joy;
 Foe to herself, distressing and distressed,
 She bears her own tormenter in her breast.
 The goddess gave (for she abhor'd her sight)
 A short command: "To Athens speed thy flight:
 "On curst Aglauros try thy utmost art,
 "And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart.
 This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
 And mounting from it with an active bound,
 Flew off to heaven: the hag with eyes askew
 Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;
 For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
 At the success which she herself must give.
 Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
 And sails along, in a black whirlwind born,
 O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she steers
 Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
 Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
 The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waste
 On mortals next, and peopled town she falls,
 And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
 When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
 With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
 Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
 To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.

Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest,
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd.

To execute Minerva's dire command,
She stroak'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary bride appears in state:
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on death, as oft, decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had past:
At length before the door herself she cast;
And sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-fit god deny'd.
The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid.
In vain he sooth'd: "Begone! the maid replies,
" Or here I keep my seat, and never rise.

" Then keep thy seat for ever, cries the god,
 And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
 Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
 Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground ;
 Her joints are all benum'd, her hands are pale,
 And marble now appears in every nail.
 As when a cancer in the body feeds,
 And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds ;
 So does the chilness to each vital part
 Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart ;
 'Tis hard'ning every where, and speechless grown,
 She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone ;
 But still her envious hue and sullen mien
 Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S Rape.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
 And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
 From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
 He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
 Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
 And; as he mix'd among the croud of gods,
 Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
 And in soft whispers thus his will exprest.

" My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
 " Thy sire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
 " Resume thy wings, exert th'ir utmost force,
 " And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course ;
 " There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
 " The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the shore ;

Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.

The trusty Hermes on his message went,
 And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
 A neighbouring hill, and drove them to the shore ;
 Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
 Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aside,
 For love but ill agrees with kingly pride.)
 The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
 Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
 Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
 Risk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
 Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
 And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
 His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
 Melted by the breath of southern skies ;
 Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
 Turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand :
 His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
 But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
 His every look was peaceful, and express'd
 The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
 Among the fields, the milk-white Bull survey'd,
 And view'd the spotless body with delight,
 And at a distance kept him in her sight.
 At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
 The gentle beast, and fondly stroak'd his head.
 He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
 And hardly could confine his pleasure there.
 And now he wantons over the neighbouring strand,
 And rows his body on the yellow sand ;

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 And at a distance kept him in her sight.
 At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
 The gentle beast, and fondly stroak'd his head.
 He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
 But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
 And now he wantons over the neighbouring strand,
 Now rows his body on the yellow sand ;

And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroak, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stops his horns.

In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clap'd his breast.
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she press'd the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the trembling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is born
Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictæan shore;
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid;
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

The Story of CADMUS.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
 He sent his son to search on every coast;
 And sternly bid him to his arms restore
 The darling maid, or see his face no more,
 But live an exile in a foreign clime;
 Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The restless youth search'd all the world around;
 But how can Jove in his amours be found?
 When tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
 To shun his angry fire and native soil,
 He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome,
 There asks the god what new appointed home
 Should end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve:
 The Delphic oracles this answer give.

“ Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
 “ Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
 “ Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
 “ There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,

“ And from thy guide Bæotia call the land,
“ In which the destin’d walls and town shall stand.

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view’d,
Nor gall’d with yokes nor worn with servitude:
Her gently at a distance he pursu’d ;
And as he walk’d aloof, in silence pray’d
To the great power whose counsels he obey’d.
Her way through flowery Panope she took,
And now, Cephissus, cross’d thy silver brook ;
When to the heavens her spacious front she rais’d,
And bellow’d thrice, then backward turning gaz’d
On those behind, ’till on the destin’d place
She stoop’d, and couch’d amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie ;

Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O’er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees ; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O’er-run with brambles, and perplex’d with thorn :
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary den, conceal’d from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size ;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc’d his eyes :

His towering crest was glorious to behold,
 His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
 Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
 His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.

The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
 And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
 From side to side their empty urns rebound,
 And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.

Strait he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
 And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
 And darts his forky tongues, and rous his glaring
 The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright, [eyes.]

All pale and trembling at the hideous sight,
 Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
 And gazing round him, over-look'd the wood:

Then floating on the ground, in circles rowl'd;
 Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.

Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,
 The serpent in the polar circle lies,
 That stretches over half the northern skies.

In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
 In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:

All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
 Some die entangled in the winding train;

Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsome death,
 Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.

And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
 In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky;

When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
 To search the woods th' impatient chief prepares.

A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
 The well-pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore

Inur'd to blood; the far-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amid their corps he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting on their blood.
"Such friends, he cries, deserv'd a longer date;
"But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate.
Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe;
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around.
The pointed jav'lin more successful flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and raged in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away:
The point still buried in the marrow lay,
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein:
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst in his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast;
The plants around them wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enrowl'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;

Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boistrous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil ;
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage :
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
'Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight ;
For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.

The dauntless Hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear ;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in the extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak ;
'Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood ;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
“ Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
“ Insulting man ! what thou thyself shalt be ?
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd :
When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
Pallas the guardian of the bold and wise,

Bids him plow up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground ;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows ;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows ;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts ;
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees ; 'till all the men arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus surpriz'd, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight :
When one cry'd out, " Forbear, fond man, forbear
" To mingle in a blind promiscuous war.
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound ;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran through all the field,
'Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd ;
The furrows swam in blood : and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand ;
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes :

So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bæotian empire birth. [guess'd

Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have
The royal founder in his exile bless'd:

Long did he live within his new abodes,

Allay'd by marriage to the deathless gods:

And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,

A long increase of children's children told:

But no frail man, however great or high,

Can be concluded blest before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race,

Who griev'd his grandfire in his borrow'd face;

Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan

The branching horns, and visage not his own;

To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,

And from their huntsman to become their prey.

And yet consider why the change was wrought,

You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;

Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:

For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

The Transformation of ACTÆON into a Stag.

In a fair chace a shady mountain flood,

Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.

Here did the huntsmen 'till the heat of day

Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;

When thus Actæon calling to the rest:

" My friends, says he, our sport is at the best.

" The sun is high advanc'd, and downward shades

" His burning beams directly on our heads;

" Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
" Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils ;
" And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
" Take the cool morning to renew the chace.

They all consent, and in a chearful train
The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
Full in the centre of the darksome wood
A spacious grotto, all around o'er-grown
With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone.
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling swell into a lake below.
Nature had every where so play'd her part,
That every where she seem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now, with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport ;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd ;
Each busy nymph her proper part undrest ;
While Crocale, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undrest the shining goddess stood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,

To the cool grott by his hard fate betray'd,
 The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
 The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprize,
 (The forest echo'd with their piercing cries.)
 Then in a huddle round their goddesses prest:
 She proudly eminent above the rest,
 With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn
 The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
 And though the crouded nymphs her body hide,
 Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside
 Surpriz'd; at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
 But sees the circling waters round her flow:
 These in the hollow of her hand she took,
 And dash'd them in his face, while thus she spoke:
 " Tell, if thou can'st, the wondrous sight disclo'd;
 " A goddess naked to thy view expos'd.

This ~~sa~~ the man begun to disappear
 By slow degrees, and ended in a deer;
 A rising horn on either brow he wears,
 And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
 Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,
 His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
 Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
 And wonders why he flies away so fast.
 But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
 He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
 Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
 He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
 And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass,
 He saw the big round drops with silent pace,
 Run trickling down a savage hairy face.

What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and skulk in woods?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aking heart assails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries;
A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did pursue,
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim

His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.

When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there.

'Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the sad huntsman grov'ling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.

With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.

His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.

His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their Lord Actæon to the game;
He shook his head in answer to the name,

He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone.
 Or only to have stood a looker on.
 But, to his grief he finds himself too near,
 And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
 Their wretched master panting in a deer.

The Birth of BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
 Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage,
 Some call'd the evils, which Diana wrought,
 Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;
 Others again esteem'd Actæon's woes
 Fit for a virgin goddess to impose.
 The hearers into different parts divide,
 And reasons are produc'd on either side.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
 Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:
 She heeded not the justice of the deed,
 But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed:
 For still she kept Europa in her mind,
 And, for her sake detested all her kind.
 Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
 How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
 Was now grown big with an immortal load,
 And carry'd in her womb a future god.
 Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
 To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.

"Are my reproaches of so small a force?
 "'Tis time I then pursue another course:

" It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
 " If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;
 " If rightly styl'd among the Powers above
 " The wife and sister of the thundering Jove,
 " (And none can sure a sister's right deny)
 " It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
 " She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
 " Pregnant she rises to a mother's name;
 " While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
 " And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
 " But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
 " By her own lover the fond beauty dies.
 This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
 Before the gates of Semele she stood.

Old Beroë's decrepit shape she wears,
 Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
 Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
 And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
 The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
 With pleasing stories her false foster child.
 Much did she talk of love, and when she came
 To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
 Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
 " 'Tis well, says she, if all be true that's said.
 " But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
 " Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
 " Many an honest well-designing maid,
 " Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.
 " But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
 " Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
 " Descend triumphant from th' ethereal sky,
 " In all the pomp of his divinity;

" Encompass'd round by these celestial charms,

" With which he fills th'immortal Juno's arms.

" Th'unwary Nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,

Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,

To grant a certain gift which she would chuse ;

" Fear not, reply'd the god, that I'll refuse

" Whate'er you ask : May Styx confirm my voice,

" Chuse what you will, and you shall have your choice.

" Then, says the nymph, when next you seek my arms,

" May you descend in those celestial charms,

" With which your Juno's bosom you enflame,

" And fill with transport Heaven's immortal dame.

The God surpriz'd would fain have stop't her voice :

But he had sworn, and she had made her choice :

To keep his promise he ascends, and throws

His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds ;

Whilst all around, in terrible array,

His thunders rattle, and his light'nings play.

And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,

He set not out in all his pomp and state,

Clad in the mildest light'ning of the skies,

And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size :

Not those huge bolts, by which the Giants slain

Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.

'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight ;

They call it Thunder of a second rate.

For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command

Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,

Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,

And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.

Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th'illustrious God, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The light'ning's flashes, and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preserve his off-spring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th'abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ina first took him for her Foster-child;
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

The transformation of TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions past on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,
When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of publick empire, and the cares of state;
As to his Queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
" In troth, says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,
" The sense of pleasure in the male is far
" More dull and dead, than what you females share.
Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.

It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted Snakes he in conjunction view'd;

When with his staff their slimy folds he broke
 And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.
 But after seven revolving years, he view'd
 The self-same Serpents in the self-same wood;
 " And if, says he, such virtue in you lye,
 " That he who dares your slimy folds untie
 " Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.
 Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
 New-sex'd, and strait recover'd into man.
 Him therefore both the Deities create
 The sovereign umpire in their grand debate;
 And he declar'd for Jove: when Juno fir'd,
 More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
 Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
 And left him groping round in sudden night.
 But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,
 That no one God repeal another's deed;) }
 Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
 And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

The transformation of Echo.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
 From him th'enquiring nations sought their doom;
 The fair, Liriope his answers try'd,
 And first th'unerring prophet justify'd;
 This Nymph the God Cephissus had abus'd,
 With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
 And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
 Whom the soft maids even then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, solicitous to know
 Whether her child should reach old age or no,

Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
" If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies.
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
'Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth carefs'd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd.
Such was his pride, in vain the friend carefs'd,
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.

Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chase,
The babbling Echo had descry'd his face;
She, who in others words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often, when the Goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This Nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, 'till the lovers slipp'd away.
The Goddess found out the deceit in time;
And then she cry'd, " That tongue, for this thy crime,
" Which could so many subtle tales produce,
" Shall be hereafter but of little use.
Hence 'tis she prattles, in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.

This love-sick virgin, over-joy'd to find
The Boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
A sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,

She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
 And tell her pains, but had not words to tell;
 She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
 To catch his voice, and to rebound the sound.

The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
 Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
 Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
 In solitary caves and dark abodes;
 Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
 'Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
 The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
 Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
 Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
 In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

The Story of NARCISsus.

Thus did the nymphs in vain caress the boy,
 He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
 When one fair virgin of the slighted train
 Thus pray'd the Gods, provok'd by his disdain.
 "Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!"
 Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
 And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
 Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
 Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
 Unfally'd by the touch of men or beasts;
 High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
 And rising grass and chearful greens below.
 Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
 And over-heated by the morning chace,

Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
 But whilst within the chrystal fount he tries
 To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise,
 For as his own bright image he survey'd,
 He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
 And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
 Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
 The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
 The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
 The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
 And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
 With all the purple youthfulness of face,
 That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
 By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
 And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
 To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
 On catching at the beauteous shade he dips
 His arms, as often from himself he slips.
 Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
 With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
 Who could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
 What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
 Its empty being on thyself relies;
 Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
 Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
 Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;
 Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
 At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
 To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:

" You trees, says he, and thou surrounding grove,
 " Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
 " Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lye
 " A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?
 " I who before me see the charming fair,
 " Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:
 " In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
 " And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
 " Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
 " No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
 " A shallow water hinders my embrace;
 " And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
 " That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
 " My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
 " Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
 " Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
 " My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd,
 " O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
 " But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
 " With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
 " When-e'er I stoop, he offers at a kiss,
 " And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
 " His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
 " He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
 " When-e'er I speak, his moving lips appear
 " To utter something, which I cannot hear.
 " Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
 " To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
 " It is myself I love, myself I see;
 " The gay delusion is a part of me.
 " I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
 " And my own beauties from the well return.

- " Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
" Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
" And too much plenty makes me die for want.
" How gladly would I from myself remove!
" And at a distance set the thing I love.
" My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
" I wish him absent whom I most desire.
" And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
" In all the pride of blooming youth I die,
" Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
" O might the visionary youth survive,
" I should with joy my latest breath resign!
" But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine.

This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd.
His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
" Ah whither, cries Narcissus, dost thou fly?
" Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
" Let me still see, though I'm no further blest.
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast:
His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show;
Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies.
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the sun,

So melts the youth, and languishes away;
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the flighted Echo su'd in vain.

She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spight of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan:

" Ah youth! belov'd in vain, Narcissus cries;

" Ah youth! belov'd in vain, the nymph replies.

" Farewel, says he: the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she reply'd, " Farewel.

Then on th'unwholesome earth he gasping lyes,

'Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.

To the cold shades his sitting ghost retires,

And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

From him the Naiads and the Dryades mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn:

And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn;

When, looking for his corps, they only found

A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

The Story of PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.

Th'un-hallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.

To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head;

" 'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee

" If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:

" For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
 " When the young God's solemnities appear;
 " Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
 " Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
 " Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
 " Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
 " And now the blind Tiresias saw too well.
 Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill;
 But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
 For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
 Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.
 All ranks and sexes to his Orgies ran,
 To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
 When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;
 " What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd?
 " Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
 " And the loud clamours of a beastly rout,
 " Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
 " Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
 " Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
 " Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
 " And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
 " And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
 " Will you without a stroke your city yield,
 " And poorly quit an undisputed field?
 " But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
 " Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
 " Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
 " Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
 " Remember him to whom you stand allay'd:
 " The serpent for his well of waters dy'd.

" He fought the strong ; do you his courage show,
 " And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
 " If Thebes must fall, oh might the fates afford
 " A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword !
 " Then might the Thebans perish with renown :
 " But now a beardless victor sacks the town ;
 " Whom nor the prancing steed, nor pond'rous shield,
 " Nor the back'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
 " But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
 " The purple vests, and flowery garlands please.
 " Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
 " Renounce his god-head, and confess the cheat.
 " Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
 " This boasted power ; why then should Pentheus yield ?
 " Go quickly, drag th'audacious boy to me ;
 " I'll try the force of his divinity.

Thus did th'audacious wretch those rites profane ;
 His friends dissuade th'audacious wretch in vain ;
 In vain his grandfire urg'd him to give o'er
 His impious threats ; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide,
 In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide ;
 But if with dams its current we restrain,
 It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
 Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god ;
 The god they found not in the frantic throng,
 But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The Mariners transformed to Dolphins.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
 And scarce with-held his hands, while thus he spoke,

“ Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,

“ And terrify thy base seditious crew:

“ Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,

“ And, why thou join’st in these mad Orgies, tell.

 The captive views him with undaunted eyes,

And arm’d with inward innocence, replies.

“ From high Meonia’s rocky shores I came,

“ Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name :

“ My sire was meanly born; no oxen plow’d

“ His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low’d.

“ His whole estate within the waters lay;

“ With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.

“ His art was all his livelihood; which he

“ Thus with his dying lips bequeath’d to me ;

“ In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;

“ There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance.

“ Long did I live on this poor legacy;

“ ’Till tir’d with rocks, and my own native sky,

“ To arts of navigation I inclin’d ;

“ Observ’d the turns and changes of the wind :

“ Learn’d the fit havens, and began to note

“ The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,

“ The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,

“ With all the sailor’s catalogue of stars.

“ Once, as by chance for Delos I design’d,

“ My vessel, driv’n by a strong gust of wind,

“ Moor’d in a Chian creek; ashore I went,

“ And all the following night in Chios spent.

“ When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring

“ Supplies of water from a neighb’ring spring,

“ Whilst I the motion of the winds explor’d ;

“ Then summon’d in my crew, and went aboard.

" Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
 " Brought to the shoar a soft and lovely boy,
 " With more than female sweetness in his look,
 " Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
 " With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
 " And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
 " I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
 " Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
 " And saw divinity in all his face.
 " I know not who, said I, this god should be;
 " But that he is a god I plainly see:
 " And thou, who-e'er thou art, excuse the force
 " These men have us'd; and oh befriend our course!
 " Pray not for us, the nimble Dictys cry'd;
 " Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride,
 " And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
 " To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
 " Who over-look'd the oars, and time'd the stroke;
 " The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
 " Such impious avarice their souls possess.
 " Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
 " Within my vessel so divine a prey,
 " Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:
 " When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
 " From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
 " With his clench'd fist had struck me over-board,
 " Had not my hands in falling gasp'd a cord.
 " His base confederates the fact approve;
 " When Bacchus (for 'twas he) begun to move,
 " Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd;
 " And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd:

- ‘ What means this noise? he cries; am I betray’d?
‘ Ah! whither, whither must I be convey’d?
‘ Fear not, said Proreus, child, but tell us where
‘ You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.
‘ To Naxos then direct your course, said he;
‘ Naxos a hospitable port shall be
‘ To each of you, a joyful home to me.
“ By every god, that rules the sea or sky,
“ The perjur’d villains promise to comply,
“ And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
“ With eager joy I launch into the deep;
“ And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand:
“ They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
“ And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
“ To tack about, and steer another way.
‘ Then let some other to my post succeed,
‘ Said I, I’m guiltless of so foul a deed.
“ What, says Ethalion, must the ship’s whole crew
“ Follow your humour, and depend on you?
“ And strait himself he seated at the prore,
“ And tack’d about, and sought another shore.
“ The beauteous youth now found himself betray’d,
“ And from the deck the rising waves survey’d,
“ And seem’d to weep, and as he wept he said;
“ And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
“ Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
“ Will such a multitude of men employ
“ Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?
“ In vain did I the god-like youth deplore,
“ The more I begg’d, they thwarted me the more.
“ And now by all the gods in heaven that hear
“ This solemn oath, by Bacchus’ self, I swear,

- " The mighty miracle that did ensue,
 " Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
 " The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
 " Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
 " In vain the mariners would plow the main
 " With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
 " Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
 " And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves:
 " The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
 " And berries in the fruitful canvass seen.
 " Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
 " Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
 " The god we now behold with open eyes;
 " A herd of spotted Panthers round him lies
 " In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
 " On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
 " And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
 " My mates, surpriz'd with madness or with fear,
 " Leap'd over-board; first perjur'd Madon found
 " Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround;
 " Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
 " Strait his own mouth grew wider as he spoke;
 " And now himself he views with like surprize.
 " Still at his oar th'industrious Libys plies;
 " But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
 " And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
 " Another, as he catches at a cord,
 " Misses his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
 " With his broad fins and fork'y tail, he laves
 " The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
 " Thus all the crew transform'd around the ship,
 " Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
 " And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.

" Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
 " A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
 " I only in my proper shape appear,
 " Speechless with wonder, and half-dead with fear,
 " 'Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
 " With him I landed on the Chian shore,
 " And him shall ever gratefully adore.
 " This forging slave, says Pentheus, would prevail,
 " O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale:
 " Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
 " And in the tortures of the rack expire.
 Th'officious servants hurry him away,
 And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
 But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
 The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
 At liberty th'unfetter'd captive stands,
 And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

The Death of PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
 Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
 But went himself to the distracted throng,
 Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song.
 And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
 Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
 And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
 A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;

Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mystic Orgies spies.
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd:
Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast,
And cries, " The boar that lays our country waste !
" The boar, my sisters ! aim the fatal dart,
" And strike the brindled monster to the heart.

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round ;
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
" Help, help ! my aunt Autonoe, he cry'd ;
" Remember how your own Actæon dy'd.

Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.

In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view :
His mother howl'd ; and heedless of his prayer,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
" And this, she cry'd, shall be Agavè's share.

When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey ;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As starting in the pangs of death it lay.

Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.

By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

*The Story of SALMACIS, and
HERMAPHRODITUS.*

HOW Salmacis, with weak unfeebling streams
Softens the body and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th'effect is known.

The Naiads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore;
From both th'illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he cross'd,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;

A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight.
The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moisture all around,
The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chace,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana's train:
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
" Fie, Salmacis, what always idle! fie,
" Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
" And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease.
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
But oft would bathe her in the chrystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
And drest her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;
And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.

Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.

" Bright youth, she cries, whom all thy features prove
" A god, and, if a god, the god of love;

- " But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,
" Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest :
" But oh how blest ! how more than blest thy bride,
" Ally'd in blifs, if any yet ally'd.
" If so, let mine the stoln enjoyments be :
" If not, behold a willing bride in me.

The boy knew nought of love, and toucht with shame,
He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became ;
In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose ;
The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
And such the moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.

The nymph still begs, if not a nobler blifs,
A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss :

And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, " Or leave me to myself alone,

" You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone.

" Fair stranger then, says she, it shall be so ;
And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go ;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.

The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore,
Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his foot, and shivers, as he dips.

The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast ;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were expos'd to view.

His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,
And clapt his sides, and leapt into the flood :
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide ;
As lilies shut within a chrystal case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
“ He’s mine, he’s all my own, the Naiad cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clipt, and kist the strugling boy.
So when the wrigling snake is snatch’d on high
In eagle’s claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus’d her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs intwin’d,
“ And why, coy youth, she cries, why thus unkind!
“ Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join’d !
“ Oh may we never, never part again !
So pray’d the nymph, nor did she pray in vain :
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast ;
Till, piercing each the other’s flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one :

Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twin combin'd
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind :
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.

The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd.
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You parent-gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;
Oh grant, that whomsoe'er these streams contain,
If man he enter'd he may rise again
Supple, unfinew'd, and but half a man !

The heavenly parents answer'd, from on high,
Their two-shap'd son, the double votary ;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

N O T E S

ON SOME OF THE
FOREGOING STORIES

IN

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

On the Story of PHAETON, Pag. 78.

THE story of Phaeton is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is indeed the most important subject he treats of, except the deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the first book;

*Esse quoque in fati reminiscitur affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia coeli
Ardeat et mundi moles operosa laboret;*

(though the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, if the

——— *Coeli miserere tui, circumspice utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus.*

Fumat uterque polus — comes up to *correptaque regia coeli* — Besides it is Ovid's custom to prepare the

reader for a following story, by giving some intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a story as this he is now upon.

P. 78. l. 7. *For in the Portal, etc.*] We have here the picture of the universe drawn in little.

—— *Balaenarumque prementum
Ægeon suis immania terga lacertis.*

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

—— *Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum.*

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her daughters such a difference in their looks as is natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness as showed their affinity.

*Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvasque, ferasque,
Fluminaque, et Nymphas, et caetera numina Ruris*

The less important figures are well huddled together in the promiscuous description at the end, which very well represents what the painters call a *Groupe*.

—— *Circum caput omne micantes
Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere jussit.*

P. 79. l. last. *And flung the blaze, etc.*] It gives us a great image of Phœbus, that the youth was forced to look on him at a distance, and not able to approach him till he had laid aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And indeed we may

every where observe in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftiness in his ideas, though he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime expressions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of Claudian and Statius. But this is not considered by them who run down Ovid in the gross, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more simple and unadorned, than his description of Enceladus in the sixth book?

*Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere saepe,
Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subiecta Peloro,
Laeva Pachyne tibi, Lilibaeo crura premuntur,
Degravat Aetna caput, sub qua resupinus arenas
Ejectat, flammamque sero vomit ore Typhaeus.*

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an island upon his breast, and a vast promontary on either arm.

There are few books that have had worse commentators on them than Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the mythologies, and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shewn us out of an old author that Ovid is mistaken in a pedigree, or has turned such a person into a wolf that ought to have been made a tiger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered into the poet's thought's, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poems to be only nick-names for such virtues or vices; particularly the pious commentator, Alexander Ross, has dived deeper into our author's design than

any of the rest; for he discovers in him the greatest mysteries of the Christian religion, and finds almost in every page some typical representations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But if these writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the surface, most of them serving only to help out a school-boy in the construing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the Gnomæ of the author, as they call them, which are generally the heaviest pieces of a poet, distinguished from the rest by Italian characters. The best of Ovid's expositors is he that wrote for the Dauphin's use, who has very well shewn the meaning of the author, but seldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in most places he rather acts the geographer than the critic, and instead of pointing out the fineness of a description, only tells you in what part of the world the place is situated. I shall therefore only consider Ovid under the character of a poet, and endeavour to shew him impartially, without the usual prejudice of a translator; which I am the more willing to do, because I believe such a comment would give the reader a truer taste of poetry than a comment on any other poet would do; for in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they may venture to praise all they meet with in some, and scarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confest to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something of the best and worst poets, and by consequence to be the fairest subject for criticism.

P. 80. l. 13. *My son, says he, etc*] Phœbus's speech is very nobly ushered in, with the *Terque quaterque*

Concusiens illustre caput—and well represents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's is the representing them just as a father would to his young son.

*Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua Tauri,
Haemoniosque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,
Saevaue circuitu curvantem brachia longo
Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.*

For one while he scares him with bugbears in the way:

—*Vasti quoque rector Olympi,
Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina dextrâ
Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?*

*Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine Poena,
Non honor est. Poenam, Phaeton, pro munere poscis:*

and in other places perfectly rattles like a father, which by the way makes the length of the speech very natural, and concludes with all the fondness and concern of a tender parent.

—*Patrio Pater esse metu probor, aspice vultus
Ecce meos: utinamque oculus in pectore posses
Inserere, et Patrios intus deprendere curas! etc.*

P. 82. l. 13. *A golden axle, etc.*] Ovid has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin poets, which are always wonderfully easy and natural in him. The repetition of *Aureus*, and the transition to *Argenteus*, in the description of the

chariot, give these verses a great sweetness and majesty.

*Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summae
Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.*

P. 83. l. 7. *Drive them not on directly*, etc. Several have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid against the old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the sun. The Dauphin's notes tell us that Ovid knew very well the sun did not pass through all the signs he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaeton from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what Phœbus says in his first speech, it cannot for what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly,

*Sectus in obliquum est lato Curvamine limes,
Zonarumque trium contentus sine polumque
Effugit australem, junctamque Aquilonibus Arcton,*

describes the motion through all the Zodiac.

P. 83. l. 23. *And not my Chariot*, etc.] Ovid's verse is *Consiliis non Curribus utere nostris*. This way of joining two such different ideas as chariot and counsel to the same verb is mightily used by Ovid; but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of Pun, because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that Jupiter flung a

thunderbolt at Phaeton—*Pariterque, animâque, rotisque expulit Aurigam*, where he makes a forced piece of Latin (*Animâ expulit aurigam*) that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

P. 84. l. 17. *The youth was in a maze, etc.*] It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than Phaeton is; but the antithesis of light and darkness a little flattens the description. *Suntque Oculis tenebrae per tantum lumen abortae.*

Ibid. l. 20. *Then the seven stars, etc.*] I wonder none of Ovid's commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Calisto into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaeton had made in the world.

P. 86. l. 12. *Athos and Tmolus, etc.*] Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the English reader, I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse required.

P. 87. l. 5. *'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor, etc.*] This is the only Metamorphosis in all this long story, which contrary to custom is inserted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether

what follows it be not too great an excursion in him, who proposes it, as his whole design, to let us know the changes of things. I dare say that if Ovid had not religiously observed the reports of the antient mythologists, we should have seen Phaëton turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the sun; or perhaps into an eagle that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

Ibid. l. 26. *The frightened Nile, etc.*] Ovid has made a great many pleasant images towards the latter end of this story. His verses on the Nile

*Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
Occulitque caput quod adhuc latet: ostia septem
Purperulenta vacant, septem sine Flumine Valles,*

are as noble as Virgil could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

Mare contrahitur, siccaeque est campus Arenae;

because the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

— *Quos altum texerat aequor
Existunt montes, et sparsas Cycladas augent:*

But to tell us that the swans grew warm in Cäystor,

— *Medio volucres caluere Cäystro,*

and that the Dolphins durst not leap,

— *Nec se super aequora curvi
Tollere consuetas audent Delphines in auras,*

is intolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burning of the world.

P. 88. l. 17. *The Earth at length, etc.*] We have here a speech of the Earth, which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an English reader. It is I believe the boldest Prosopopœia of any in the old poets; or if it were never so natural, I cannot but think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her condition.

On EUROPA's Rape, Pag. 112.

L. 7. *The dignity of empire, etc.*] This story is prettily told, and very well brought in by those two serious lines,

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur,
Majestas et Amor. Sceptri gravitate relicta, etc.*

without which the whole fable would have appeared very prophane.

P. 114. l. 15. *The frightened Nymph looks, etc.*] This consternation and behaviour of Europa

— *Elusam designat imagine tauri
Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putaras,
Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,
Et comites clamare suas, tactumque vereri
Affilientis aquae, timidasque reducere plantas;*

is better described in Arachne's picture in the sixth book, than it is here, and in the beginning of Tatius

his Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed usual among the Latin poets (who had more art and reflection than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itself; because in the description of a picture you have a double subject before you, either to describe the picture itself, or what is represented in it.

On the Stories in the Third Book, Pag. 115.

F A B. I.

There is so great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoses, that he who would treat of them rightly; ought to be a master of all styles, and every different way of writing. Ovid indeed shews himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easy and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable the serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that represents them more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are these, perhaps, which follow.

P. 117. l. 14. *Spire above Spire*, etc.] Ovid, to make his serpent more terrible, and to raise the character of his champion, has given too great a loose to

his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raised up but half his body, he over-looked a tall forest of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked such a monster as this is described to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's standing against him. Virgil is not ashamed of making Æneas fly and tremble at the sight of a far less formidable foe, where he gives us the description of Polyphemus, in the third book; he knew very well that a monster was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: But we should certainly have seen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops, had he fallen in Ovid's way; or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have spared one of the whole brotherhood.

— *Phoenicas, sive illi tela parabant,
Sive sugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat: —*

P. 117. l. 21. *In vain the Tyrians, etc.*] The poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic style: He has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the sight of the serpent:

— *Tegimen direpta Leoni
Pellis erat; telum splendenti Lancea ferro,
Et Jaculum; teloque animas praestantior omni.*

And in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his verse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does

he languish in that which seems a laboured line:
Tristia sanguinea lambentem vulnera lingua. And what
 pains does he take to express the serpent's breaking
 the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it!

*Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retraherat ab ictu,
 Laesaque colla dabat retro, plagamque sedere
 Cedendo fecit, nec longius ire sinebat.*

P. 120. l. 6. *And flings the future, etc.*] The description of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in Ovid: it strikes the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the *Messis virorum* at last.

P. *ibid.* l. 11. *The breathing harvest, etc.*] *Messis clypeata virorum.* The beauty in these words would have been greater, had only *Messis virorum* been expressed without *clypeata*; for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two such different ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprize to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The Latin poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them, for the more correct use it but sparingly, as indeed the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems re-

pugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we describe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of chrystal with water in the midst of it for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the chrystal as hard, stony, precious water, and the water as soft, fluid, imperfect chrystal; and thus sports off above a dozen epigrams, in setting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him, but he gives himself up so much to this way of writing, that a man may easily know where to meet with them when he sees his subject, and often strains so hard for them, that he many times makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's Golden Bough had he been to describe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow bark, golden sprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures; when we see Virgil contented with his *Auri frondentis*; and what is the same, though much finer expressed;—*Frondescit vinga Metallo*. This composition of different ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where circumstances are happily reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the Latin poets, (for the Greeks wanted art for it) in their descriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoses; and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate

to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse, which, perhaps, is the wittiest in Virgil; *Attollens humeri, Famamque et Fata nepotum*, *Æn.* 8. where he describes Æneas carrying on his shoulders the reputation and fortunes of his posterity; which, though very odd and surprizing, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his posterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the shield. Thus when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne's work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he says;—*Rupit coelestia Crimina*. I shall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent stroke of this nature, out of Mr. Montagu's poem to the King; where he tells us how the king of France would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as king William's at the fight of the Boyn:

*His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.*

F A B. II.

P. 121. l. 3. *Here Cadmus reign'd.*] This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of Actæon, which is all naturally told. The goddess, and her maids undressing her, are described with diverting circumstances. Actæon's flight, confusion and griefs are passionately represented; but it is pity the whole narration should be so carelessly closed up.

———*Ut abesse queruntur,
Nec capere oblatae segnem spectacula praedae.
Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,
Non etiam sentire, Canum fera facta suorum.*

P. 124. l. 7. *A generous pack, etc.*] I have not here troubled myself to call over Aetæon's pack of dogs in rhyme; Spot and Whitefoot make but a mean figure in heroic verse, and the Greek names Ovid uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of jest on it, *Quosque referre mora est*——which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.

This way of inserting catalogues of proper names in their Poems, the Latins took from the Greeks, but have made them more pleasing than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons names; in which part Ovid's copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our English verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battle, to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the event, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For had Homer or Virgil only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every leader singled

out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

F A B. III.

P. 125. l. 21. *How Semele, etc.*] This is one of Ovid's finished stories. The transition to it is proper and unforced: Juno, in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting goddess and a tatling nurse: Jupiter makes a very majestic figure with his thunder and lightning, but it is still such a one as shows who drew it; for who does not plainly discover Ovid's hand in the

Qua tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat:

Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhoea,

Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.

Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum

Saevitiae flammaeque minus, minus addidit Irae,

Tela Secunda vocant superi.—

P. 126. l. 24. *'Tis well, says she, etc.*] Virgil has made a Beroë of one of his goddesses in the fifth Æneid; but if we compare the speech she there makes with that of her name-sake in this story, we may find the genius of each poet discovering itself in the language of the nurse: Virgil's Iris could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape; but Juno is so much altered from herself in Ovid, that the goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

F A B. V.

P. 131. l. 3. *She can't begin, etc.*] If playing on words be excusable in any poem it is in this, where Echo is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that if it deserves excuse, it can claim no more.

Mr. LOCKE, in his *Essay of human Understanding*, has given us the best account of wit, in short, that can any where be met with. Wit, says he, lyes in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author observes, generally consist in the likeness of ideas, and is more or less wit, as this likeness in ideas is more surprizing and unexpected. But as true wit is nothing else but a similitude in ideas, so is false wit the similitude in words, whether it lyes in the likeness of letters only as in Anagram and Acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggerel rhimes; or whole words, as puns, echos, and the like. Besides these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it. When in two ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on the word, which properly signifies fire, to express love by, (and there-

fore we may be sure there is some resemblance in the ideas mankind have of them ;) from hence the witty poets of all languages, when they have once called love a fire, consider it no longer as the passion, but speak of it under notion of a real fire, and as the turn of wit requires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love, he burns with a new flame ; when the nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water ; the Greek epigrammatist fell in love with one that flung a snow ball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the poet feels any thing in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory ; but if, as in the preceeding instances, he finds any circumstance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumstance to it surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance, had it not been so frequent in Ovid, who is the greatest admirer of this mixed wit of all the Ancients, as our Cowley is among the Moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greatest poets, scorned it, as indeed it is only fit for Epigram and little copies of verses ; one would wonder therefore how so sublime a genius as Milton could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an epic poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers, in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of poetry.

F A B. VI.

Ovid seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus's being the person beloved, and the lover too?

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.

— *Qui probat, ipse probatur.*

Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet,

Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.

Perque oculos perit ipse suos—

Uror amore mei flammæ moveoque feroque, etc.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's fancy; than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story, of Narcissus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The design was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himself here on earth; but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

P. 132. l. 2. *But whilst within, etc.*] *Dumque sitim fedare cupit sitis altera crevit.* We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of pun in it out-weighs the true wit; for if we express the thought in other words, the turn is almost lost. This passage of Narcissus probably gave

Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, though I think her surprize at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural, than this of Narcissus. She was a raw unexperienced being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but Narcissus had been in the world sixteen years, was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

P. 133. l. 1. *You trees, says he, etc.*] Ovid is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them, but I leave it to better judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The Poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the Poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great critic has admirably well observed, *Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisae, nam Lacrymae subito excrefcit, et difficile est Auditorem vel Lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere.* Would any one in Narcissus's condition have cried out—*Inopem me Copia fecit?* Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflection?

O utinam nostro sedecere corpore possem!

Votum in Amante novum; vellem, quod amamus abesset.

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in Ovid, that he employs his invention more than his judgment, and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

F A B. VII.

P. 136. l. 14. *When Pentheus thus.*] There is a great deal of spirit and fire in the speech of Pentheus, but I believe none besides Ovid would have thought of the transformation of the Serpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans courage, when he desires them not to degenerate from their great fore-father the Dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

*Esse, precor memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,
Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
Sumite serpentis; pro fontibus ille, lacuque
Interiit, at vos pro fama vincite vestra.
Ille dedit Letbro fortes, vos pellite molles,
Et patrium revocate Decus.—*

F A B. VIII.

The story of Acetus has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the description of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the

sailors characters and manners. But the short speeches scattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear so well in our language, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is vastly beautiful.

F A B. IX.

Ovid has two very good similes on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former story, and to a war-horse in the present.

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TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS OF WALES.

With the TRAGEDY of CATO, Nov. 1714.

THE Muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,
On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne ;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle !
While you, fair PRINCESS, in your off-spring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumphs we presage ;
Already see th'illustrious youths complain,
And pity Monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.

Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
 Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
 With manly valour and attractive air
 Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.
 O England's younger hope ! in whom conspire
 The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire !
 For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race
 Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
 Some Carolina, to heaven's dictates true,
 Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,
 Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
 And slight th'imperial diadem for thee.

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
 The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
 Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
 Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd :
 To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,
 And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
 And filial love ; bid impious discord cease,
 And soothe the madding factions into peace ;
 Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
 And teach the nation their new Monarch's praise,
 Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
 And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd. [ease

Mean-while, bright PRINCESS, who, with graceful
 And native majesty, are form'd to please ;
 Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
 That suppliant to their great protectress fly !
 Then shall thy triumph, and the British stage
 Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
 More noble characters expose to view,
 And draw her finish'd heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless muse:
The deathless muse with undiminish'd rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:
To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;
The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
Even all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find:
(Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,)
Unless some poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their father's eyes.

T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER.

O N H I S

P I C T U R E of the K I N G.

KNELLER, with silence and surprize
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A god-like form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes :
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their Sov'reign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land !

Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crouds grow loyal as they gaze.

This image on the medal placed
With its bright round of titles graced,
And stamp't on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine,

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, has vied
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by Monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And in their robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her Hero was disgrac't:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)

The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise Phidias, thus his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove;
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th'assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too with up-cast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantinè armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the webb she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risque his well establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a GEORGE, or carv'd a Jove!

POEMAT A.

P O E M A T A .

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO,

AERARII PRAEFECTO,

REGI à SECRETIORIBUS

CONSILIIS, etc.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi praeclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica praestent Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus Pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si CONGREVIUS ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa Pax ut illa laetaremur tot perditissimis Poetis tam misere decantata.

D E D I C A T I O.

At, dum alios infector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor,
qui haud minores forsitan ex Latinis tibi molestias al-
laturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis car-
minibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus
legimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas.
Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poema patrio
sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab
istis conatibus caeteros omnes scribendo non minus
deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUAE

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIIS

EUROPA REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque
tubarum,

Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Caesar,
Quae tibi solliciti, turba importuna, Poetae
Monera deducunt: generosae a pectore flammae,
Diraeque armorum effigies, simulacraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem abfiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.

Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumulto;
Stat circum alta quies, corvoque innixus atrato
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et targentem a sanguine messem.

Aspiceis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et everfos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidus rerum Annales, tristemque laborum

Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famososque ORMONDI volnere campos!

Hic, ubi saxa jacent dispersa infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenſes palmas, peteginaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparſa furit circum, et plumbi denſiſſimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.

Ut vario anfractu, et disiectis undique saxis
Maenia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!

Hic pestem occultam, et foecundus sulphore moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Praelia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiuſſaque membra,
Fumentesque artus, laniataque corpora lethem
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in aethere turbo.

Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Coelicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terrae faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupdere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.

Nempe hic AURIACI nuper vexilla secutae
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus CUTTS, Baro de Gowra, etc.

Germanusque ferox, et juncto foedere Belga;
 Quique truci Boreae, et coelo damnatus iniquo
 Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore prepresso
 Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phoebi:
 Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
 Agmina, Nassovi que latus socialibus armis
 Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
 Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.

Te tamen e mediis, * Ductor fortissime, turmis
 Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
 Accipies, populiue encomia sera futuri,
 Quem varias edocui artes, studiisque Minervae
 Omnibus ornat um Marti Rhedycina furenti
 Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
 Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris aestus
 Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria coeli,
 Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
 Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phoebō
 India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
 Virtutem immodicam, et generosae incendia mentis.

Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
 Brumamque aeternam frigusque perambulet, urssae
 Horridus exuviis, GULIELMI ingentia facta
 Describit sociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
 Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
 En! vastos nivium tactus et pallida regna
 Deserit, imperio extremum † qui subjicit orbem,
 Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat

Q 2

* Infig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii
 Satelliti Praefectis.

† Moscoviae Imperator.

Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcae
 Maenia, nunc tardo quae sanguine plurima fluxit
 Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Senefsi
 Quae facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
 Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
 Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!

Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
 Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
 Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextra
 Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.

Dum pugnas, GULIELME, tuas camposque cruentos
 Accipit, in venis ebullat vividus humor,
 Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit aemulus ardor.
 Non jam Riphaeos hostis populabitur agros
 Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata praedas.

Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quae murmura vulgi
 NASSOVIVM ingeminant! video cava littora circum
 Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.

Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
 NASSOVI secuta tui, desiste tumentes

Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
 Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppin:
 Optatus tibi Caesar adest, nec ut ante videbis
 Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo

Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
 Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
 Composuit vultum, laetosque afflavit honores.

Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
 Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
 Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
 Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
 Mucronum insignes afflataque sulphure membra

Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discriminia belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat praelia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam foecunda heroibus Argo
Pbryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aprum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstros
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.

Te tamen, O quantis, GULIELME, erepte periculis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et Proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingredieris, crebrae confurgunt undique pompae,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, lucas mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat coelum omne triumpho.

Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adest, laetoque juvenae
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut Patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Caesareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero: aut Mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublima temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambigam, mixtosque parentes.
Ille tuas, GULIELME, acies, et trœstia bella,
Pugnasque innocuâ dudum sub imagine iussit.

Q3

* Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillae
 Terga premit turmae, et falsis terroribus implet,
 Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
 Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
 Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
 Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
 Diruit; interea generosae in pectore flammæ
 Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
 Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.

Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas
 Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales
 Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
 Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile coelum,
 Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
 Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?
 En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
 Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
 Flagrantisque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
 Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendio coelo.
 Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
 Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
 Terribiles visu formas! hic membra Leonis
 Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
 Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
 Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.

Laetitiâ ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
 Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
 Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
 Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
 Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
 Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
 Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet

Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.

Vos animae illustres heroum, umbraeque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus haec optabilis orbi
Parsa quies, nondum Nasso abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque MARIA, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum inideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

QUA penetrat fessor terrae caeca antra, metallo
Foecunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit uto,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.

Incertum qua sit natura, an negligit ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et, gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.

Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aer

Exclusus; fundo vitri substat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat aëstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rufus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

Jam coeli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympa monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripae cohibere priores;
Tum laetos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.

Sin sese immodicum attollens Argentius humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbae, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumpto prata virore.

Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terrae
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super aequora fumi,
Pabula venturae pluviae; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea coelos
Indicat humentes, medias quando aetheris oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttae agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem foecundis imbribus aether
Irrigat, et bibulae radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus aequo descendens uda metalli
Fundam amat, impatiens pluviae, metuensque procellam
Agricolae caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox foeta vaporibus aura,
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet Argentum mole incumbens levatum

Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
 Caetera quaeque tument; everſis flumina ripis
 Expatiatā ruunt, ſpumantibus aeſtuat undis
 Diluvium, rapidique effuſa licentia ponti.

Nulla tacet ſecreta poli mirabile vitrum,
 Quin varios coeli vultus et tempora prodiſt.
 Ante reſert, quando tenui velamine tutus
 Incedes, quando ſperabis frigidus ignem.
 Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila coeli
 Dirumpunt obſcura diem, pluviasque minantur;
 Machina ſi neget, et ſudum promittat apertum,
 Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
 Nec metuens imbrem, poſcentes Meſſor ariſtas
 Proſternat: terrae jam bruma incumbit inermis,
 Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ.

S I V E,

P R A E L I U M

I N T E R.

PYGMEOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

Pennatas acies, et lamentabile bellum

Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
 Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
 Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
 Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.

Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
 Pieridum labor exhaustit, versuque sonoro
 Jussit et aeterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
 Quis lectos Graium juvenes, et torva tuentem
 Thesea quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
 Quem dura Æneae certamina, quem GULIELMI
 Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
 Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
 Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
 Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
 Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
 Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.

Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
 India laeta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
 (Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessu vireta)
 Pygmeum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
 Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
 Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
 Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
 Desertosque lares, et vallis ossibus albas
 Exiguas videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
 Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
 Regna et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
 Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
 Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
 Congredi, et immixtae auderet se credere pugnae,
 Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculis armis. [Etat
 Sternit humi volucrum moribundam, humerisque repor-
 Ingentem praedam; caesoque epulatur in hoste
 Saepe improvisas mactabat, saepe juvabat
 Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
 Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
 Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucrumque futuram;
 Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
 Omnia vastaret miles, foetusque necaret
 Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
 Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.

Hinc causae irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
 Atque acies letho intentae, volucrumque virumque
 Commissae strages, confusaque mortis imago.
 Non tantos motus nec tam memorabile bellum,
 Maecius quondam sublimi carmine vates
 Lulit; ubi totam strepitumque armisque paludem
 Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile) corpora murum

Sparſa jacent juncis tranſfixa, hic gutture rauco
 Rana dolet, pedibusque abſciſſo poplite ternis
 Reptat humi, ſolitis nec ſeſe ſaltibus effert.

Jamque dies Pygmaeo aderat, quo tempore caeli
 Poenituit foetus, intactaque maluit ova.
 Nam ſuper his accenſa graves exarſit in iras
 Grus ſtomachans, omneſque ſimul, quas Strimonis unda,
 Aut ſtagnum Mareotidis, imi aut unda Cayſtri
 Prata tenent, adſunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
 Et conjurato volucris deſcendit ab Iſtro,
 Stragesque immenſas et vulnera cogitat abſens,
 Exacuitque ungues iſtum meditata futurum,
 Et roſtrum parat acre, frugaeque accomodat alas.
 Tantus amor belli, et vindictae arreſta cupido.
 Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, ſuſpenſus in alto
 Aëre concuſſis exercitus obſtrepit aliſ,
 Terraeque immenſos tractus, ſemotaque longe
 Aequora deſpiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
 Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat aether
 Flamine, et aſſiduus miſcet coelum omne tumultus.

Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella faceſſit
 Impiger, inſtituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
 Et furit arreptis animoſus homunchio telis:
 Donec turma duas compoſta excurrat in alas,
 Ordinibusque frequens, et marte inſtructa perito
 Jamque acies inter medias ſeſe arduus infert
 Pygmeadum ductor, qui majeſtate verendus
 Inceſſuque gravis reliquos ſupereminet omnes
 Mole gigantea, mediamque aſſurgit in ulnam.
 Torvior aſpectu (hoſtilis nam inſculperat unguis
 Ore cicatrices) vultuque oſtentat honeſta
 Roſtrorum ſigna, et crudos in pectore morſus.

Immortali odio, aeternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confusus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti!
Quot fecit strages! quae nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!

Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrefcit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmaeorum, et densa in nubibus haeret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmaei, et lumine saevo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Paecipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsae volitant circum aëra plumae,
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata literum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, nostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmaei hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Aestuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alae,
Unguesque et digiti, commissaque rostra lacertis.

Pygmeadum saevit, mediisque in millibus ardet
 Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
 Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
 Nec plausu alarum nec rostri concidit ictu.
 Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
 Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
 Cum, subito appulsus (sic Di voluere tumultu
 Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis Ales
 Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
 Sustulit in coelum; bellator ab unguibus haeret
 Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
 Alituum; frustra Pygmaei lumine moesto
 Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
 Heroem aspiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus escam.

Jamque recrudescit bellum, Grus desuper urget
 Pygmaeum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu;
 Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jactat
 Vulneris impatiens, et inanes saevit in auras.
 Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
 Mitteret in coelum Briareus, folioque Tonantem
 Praecipitem excuteret; sparguntur in aethere toto
 Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum
 Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta Gigantum
 Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.

Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmeia tandem
 Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
 Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
 Exiguam; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
 Instant a tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
 Immités, certae gentem extirpare nefandam.

Sic Pygmaea domus multos dominata per annos,
 Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot laeta triumphis,

Funditus interiit: Nempe exitus omnia tandem
 Certus Regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
 Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corruiit olim
 Assyriae Imperium, sic magnae Perfidis imis
 Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.
 Elysi valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
 Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
 Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
 Fabula, pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
 Saepe vident umbras, Pygmaeos corpore cassos.
 Dum secura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
 Laetitiae peritus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
 Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
 Turba levis saltit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO DELINEATA.

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

EGREGIOS fuerit tractus, calamique labores,
 Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
 Indicis, et simulacra modis pallentia miris,
 Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
 Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.

Olim planitiem (quam nunc foecunda colorum
 Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
 Vestiit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
 Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futurae
 Substravit pictor tabulae, humoremque sequacem
 Per muros traxit; velamine moenia crasso

Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.

Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava coelorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat aether;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor lacteus omne
Diffluere in coelum, longoque albescere tractu.

Sic, operis postquam ludit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.

Alligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam coelestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defuncti sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.

Sic, dum foecundis Cadmus dat femina sulcis,
Terra tumet praegnans, animataque gleba laborat.
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.

Jam pulvis varias terrae dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim dirigit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparfos prior alligat artus

Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta refurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest in formi de corpore multum,
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu aegro vix dum rediivus erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint preferre diem, medium inspicere murum,
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
Circum tranquillae funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit coelum, et super aethera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.
Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pedè, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri,
Umbrae huc felices tendunt, numerosaque coelos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
Matres, et longae nunc reddita corpora vitae
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, inuptaeque puellae
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus aether
Intonat, et laeto ridet caelum omne triumpho.

His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non aeque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hospite cum tumet incluso, et praecordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phoebus.

Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?

Quam Mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
Surgentem é tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo

* Wainfletus, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:

Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!

Quando alium similem virtus habitura! ———

Irati innocuas securus numinis iras

Aspicit, impavidosque in Iudice figit ocellos.

Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris

Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia furo

Moenia, flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum

Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,

Ut toti metuas tabulae, ne flamma per omne

Livida serpat opus, tenuisque absumpta recedat

Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.

Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri

Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.

Vindex a tergo implacabile saevit, et enses

Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos

Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.

Heu! quid agat tristis? quo se coelestibus iris

Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc aethere in alto

Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit

Nequicquam, et sero in lacrymas effunditur; obstant

* Coll. Magd. fundator.

Sortes non revocandae, et inexorabile numen.

Quam varias aperit veneres pictura ! periti
Quot calami legimus vestigia ! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert ! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, varjo cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.

O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores !
Nec, pictura, tuae languecat gloria formae,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

SPHAERISTERIUM.

HIC, ubi graminea in latum sese explicat aequor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidae pendent in gramine guttae,
Improba falax noctis parva incrementa prioris
Defecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem:
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palaestram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formae quibus esse rotundae
Artificis ferrum dederat facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendat incauti errore globorum,
Quaeque suis incisa notis stat sphaera; sed unus
Hanc vult, quae infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquio tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcuis urget
Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere recto.

Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat aequas
Consilium, aut fors; quisque suis accingitur armis.

Evolat orbiculus, quae cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphaeram demittit, at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat; subito globus emicat alter et alter.

Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant facilet aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Supere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphaerae vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextrae servetur, iniquam
Inculcat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.

Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphaeram a recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, varium in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphaera sed, irarum temnes ludibria, coeptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.

Illam tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quae non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam iter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metae inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at haerentem orbiculo detrudere sphaeram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urgit:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphaera lacerto.

Haud ita profiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.

Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingant socios, confundatque oribus orbis,
Tum servet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia.

Si vero incurfus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, parteque hostis spoliatur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.

Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbrae
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

D. D. H A N N E S,

INSIGNISSIMUM

MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O Qui canoro blandis Orphæo
 Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
 Feliciorè luctuosè
 Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
 Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
 Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
 Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
 Luminibus penetras acutis;
 Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
 Frontemque curis sollicitam explica,
 Scyphumque jucundus require
 Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
 Nunc plena magni pocula postules
 Memor WILHELMÏ, nunc moveat sitem
 Minister ingens, imperique
 Praesidium haud leve MONTACUTUS.
 Omitte tandem triste negotium
 Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
 Nec caeteros cautus mederi
 Ipse tuam minuas salutem.

Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis

Ebullientem pollice comprimis,

Attentus explorare venam

Quae febris exagitet tumentem :

Frustra liquores quot Chymica expedit

Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor

Innatus herbis te fatigant :

Serius aut citius sepulcro

Debemur omnes, vitaeque deseret

Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,

Lentumque deslebunt nepotes

(Reliquias animae) cadaver.

Manes videbis, tu quoque fabulas,

Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua ;

Suumque victorem vicissim

Subjiciet libitina victrix.

Decurrit illi vita beator

Quicumque lucem non nimis anxius

Reddit molestam, urgetve curas

Sponte sua satis ingruentes :

Et quem dierum lene fluentium

Delectat ordo, vitaeque mutuis

Felix amicis, gaudiisque

Innocuis bene temperata,

MACHINAE GESTICULANTES.

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

Admirando cano levium spectacula rerum
 Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
 Quem, non surreptis coeli de fornice flammis,
 Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.

Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
 Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
 Quotquot laetitiae studio aut novitate tenentur,
 Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent.
 Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt.
 Diverfo, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
 Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
 Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
 Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
 Pervia frans pateat; mox stridula turba penates
 Ingreditur pictos, et maenia squallida fuco.
 Hic humiles inter scetas, angustaque claustra,
 Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
 Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.

Sed praeter reliquos incedit HOMUNCIO rauca
 Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
 Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
 In ventrem tumet immodicam; pone eminent ingens

A tergo gibbus; Pygmaeum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confusus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles pictamque protervo
Ore petit Nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.

Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.

Saepe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito Nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui procures parvique quiritas.
Pygmaeos credas positos mitescere bellis,
Jamque, insensa Gruum temnentes praelia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.

Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera coelo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hinc succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.

At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Saepe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella, tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnae; usque adeo insincera voluptas.
Omnibus, et mistae calligant gaudia curae.

Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure foeti,
Protensaeque hastae, fulgentiaque arma, minaeque
Telorum ingentes subeunt, dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptae stridente bitumine chartae
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique caesae
Apparent turmae, civilis crimina belli.

Sed postquam infanus pugnae deferbuit aestus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisca heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior aetas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, Patres.
Rugis fulcantur vultus, proluxaque barbae
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
TITHONUM minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.

Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quae dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artibus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, durum et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se subleuat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. T. H. O. B U R N E T T U M,

SACRAE THEORIAE TELLURIS

A U C T O R E M.

NON usitatum carminis alitem,
BURNETTE, poscis, non humiles modos:

Vulgare plectrum languidaeque

Respuis officium camoenae.

Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,

Molemque cernis dissociabilem,

Terramque concretam, et latentem

Oceanum gremio capaci:

Dum veritatem querere pertinax

Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum

Utcunque stet commune vulgi

Arbitrium et popularis error.

Auditor ingens continuo fragor,

Illapsa tellus lubrica deseris

Fundamina, et compage fracta

Suppositas gravis urget undas.

Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,

Terras aquarum effusa licentia

Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis

Reliquiae fluitant prioris.

Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam

Balaena spectat solis imaginem,

Stellasque miratur natantes,

Et tremulae simulacra lunae.

Quae pompa vocum non imitabilis!

Qualis calescit spiritus ingeni!

Ut tollis undas ! ut frementem
 Diluvii reprimis tumultum !
 Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
 Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
 Incedat orbis dum dolosi
 Detegis instabiles ruinas ?
 Quin haec cadentum fragmina montium
 Natura vultum sumere simplicem
 Coget refingens, in priorem
 Mox iterum reditura formam.
 Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
 Cernas ; ut udis saevit atrox hyems
 Incendiis, commune mundo
 Et populis meditata bustum !
 Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
 Et nix liquefcens ipse adamantinum
 Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
 Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
 Jamque alta coeli moenia corruunt,
 Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas !)
 BURNETTE, vestra augebit ignes,
 Heu scio peritura mundo.
 Mox aequa tellus, mox subitus viton
 Ubique rident : En teretem globum !
 En laeta vernantis Favoni
 Flamina, perpetuosque flores !
 O pectus ingens ; O animum gravem,
 Mundi capacem ; si bonus auguror,
 Te, nostra quo tellus superbit
 Accipiet renovata civem.

T H E E N D.



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